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THE HICKMAN COURIER.
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—BY—
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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

The Oldest Newspaper in Western Kentucky.

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Fine Job Printing
—EXECUTED—
With Neatness and Dispatch.

SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.

CALL AND SEE US.

GIVEN AND TAKEN.

Smoothing soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy-led,
Thus the grave-eyed woman said:

"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest;
Mine has been the common quest
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine;
At my feet as on a shrine
Love has laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was it vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive,
Empty close; they only live
Richly who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed, with moistening eyes,
[illegible]
[illegible]

"He who, giving, does not crave,
Likest is to Him who gave
Life itself the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Late or soon its own receives."

—*John Greenleaf Whittier, N. Y. Independent.*

A SINGULAR STORY.

Marriage, Murder, Desertion and Miraculous Detection.

A Girl in Male Attire Crosses the Ocean to Find Her Father—Success of Her Mission—A Romance in Real Life.

Perhaps the most romantic and startling story of facts that has ever come to light in Iowa was related to your correspondent to-day, and which is certainly unknown to the citizens of Dubuque. My informant is one of the oldest and most influential citizens of this city. In answer to the well-known reporter's query, "What's new?" he said: "I have a long and interesting story to tell you, and you will be the first newspaper man to whom it has ever been told by me." Leaning back in his cushioned chair and placing his heels on an old-fashioned looking desk, he told the following story: Away back in the early days of Dubuque a family, consisting of man and wife and one daughter, came here from St. Louis. Their names will be withheld for the present, but may be given later. The husband and father engaged in the business of a miner, and for a time was quite successful. He was rather shabbily dressed, but showed signs of refinement and education in youth. He was a Frenchman. After a while he lost what little money he had in the mining business, and became almost destitute. Dubuque in those days was a dreary wilderness, built mainly of frame shanties, and populated for the most part by Indians. He, without any prospects of making a living for himself and family, became a wreck, bordering upon insanity, the sequel of which was his being found dangling from a rope in his own room, cold in death, having committed suicide. His poor widow and orphan girl were prostrated with grief; the former fainted at the ghastly sight and remained in a comatose condition for more than two days, at the end of which time preparations were completed for the interment of the supposed dead body. It was even inclosed in a casket, when the startling discovery was made that the person was only in a swoon. It is needless to say that the supposed lifeless form was immediately removed, and such restoratives as were procurable were quickly administered by willing hands. She rapidly recovered, and was soon in her former state of health, but, as I have made known, in a very destitute condition, and how to eke out a living for herself and child added much to her distress. Eventually she obtained a situation as "maid of all work." In addition to this she taught her child how to read, write, etc. Years rolled by and the child grew to be a young lady, earning her own living. Dubuque was at this time rapidly growing. Immigrants poured in from all directions, enlarging Dubuque to quite a village.

Among the new arrivals was a boy who emigrated from Europe at the age of eighteen to seek a livelihood in the great West. He possessed a remarkable ambition to rise in the world. He commenced on a starvation salary, and was afterward employed in a little grocery store, where he soon became a partner in the business. About this time he met and fell in love with the young lady I have just referred to. Though poorly clad she was exceptionally pretty and quite intelligent. This brief acquaintance was only an introduction to a long and clandestine courtship which followed, a description of which is unnecessary. Suffice it to say it did not deviate much from the "rules" in use at the present time. It was of a fourteen months' duration and ended, as the average play does, in a happy marriage, though this happiness, it must be said, was short-lived. Five years swiftly passed—the mother-in-law during this time died—and three bright little children were the fruits of that period of conjugal life. Two were boys and one a girl. When the youngest was only three months old the father became engaged in a quarrel with his partner in business, during which he, unintentionally, it is said, dealt him a blow on the forehead, wounding him in such a manner as to cause his death a few weeks after. He was held for trial for murder—the trial lasting fourteen days—and convicted of manslaughter, and was accordingly sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. This was a terrible blow to the young wife and mother, and for a time fears of her becoming insane were entertained, but she braved the billowy sea of grief and soon landed safe on the shores of good health. The imprisoned life was soon changed to a free one, for after a life and death struggle he succeeded in releasing himself from the prison walls. His escape was not detected for several days, and his whereabouts was unknown. A diligent search was kept up for some time, but no trace of him could be found. We will follow him, however. Immediately after his escape he proceeded to New York, where he took passage for Dublin, and arrived there five weeks later, this being the time it took in those days to sail across the Atlantic. His arrival was greeted warmly by his many friends and relations, as they were completely ignorant of his past career. Communication with his wife and family was necessarily cut off, as such action might possibly lead to his discovery and capture. We next find him employed in an extensive linen factory on Sackville street, holding the responsible position of foreman of the entire establishment. His integrity, ambition of furthering his employer's business interests and honesty in discharge of his duties in that position gained for him the confidence of his employers, and he was soon made general manager of the concern at an enormous salary. The announcement of his marriage to the daughter of the senior member of the firm in question created quite a sensation, as they were, socially speaking, not suited for each other, she being of very high social standing in the metropolis of the great but little island, while on the other hand he was comparatively ignorant and obscure in that respect. This was the primary, if not the principal cause of frequent quarrels thereafter. Time passed, and two children were born to them.

We will now take a trip back to his former, or American, wife and children, from whom he was forced to part several years previous. After his escape from prison the news spread rapidly over the wires that a man answering [illegible] Pa. This news was received as official by the authorities, although the body had not been identified as the escaped convict. The poor woman also received the news as positive proof of her husband's terrible fate. Herself and family accordingly remained in mourning for over a year for a man who was then alive and who was to be untrue to his devoted wife and children. The expiration of several years of supposed widowed life brought back to light the great mystery and an awful tale.

On a cold December evening a tattered but intelligent looking boy, apparently of sixteen summers, appeared at the door of her residence and politely asked for some eatables, saying he was on a long, fatiguing journey, and without money. The request was readily granted, and after politely thanking her for her kindness and telling where he was from he took his leave. No more was heard of him or seen of him there.

The summer of 18—— witnessed a grand steamboat excursion on the Mississippi from St. Louis. Among the large number aboard was the boy who appeared in Dubuque as an outcast, but who had now grown to respectable manhood under the rays of a Southern sun. As fate would have it, the generous old lady who had befriended him when he was destitute was also aboard, accompanied by her daughter. He immediately recognized her, introduced himself, and an interesting conversation followed, in the course of which a pressing invitation was extended to him to pay them a visit in their Dubuque home. The invitation was accepted and a short time afterward fulfilled. It may, perhaps, seem strange, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the names of both parties remained a secret until the day of his visit. Imagine their position and the friendship that arose when the facts became known and the inquiry which followed may be termed the "key" to the deep mystery existing, the circumstances of which are already known to the reader. The scene following the young man's story of his early life, his parents, etc., beggars description, as it was now settled beyond a particle of doubt that the supposed dead husband and father was no other than the man before alluded to, and what is still more remarkable, the mysterious acquaintance proved to be his son, born to his illegal wife. He said that he left home because of his father's brutal treatment of his mother. A secret correspondence between the wronged woman in Dublin and her son in Dubuque ensued, when for the first time did her terrible position as an illegal wife become known to her. A pen picture of his grief and consternation on receipt of the news of this startling disclosure is beyond the writer's ability; it can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say, the meeting of herself and husband was by no means affectionate. The crisis comes at a later stage.

The correspondence was uninterruptedly carried on until the actual situation of all concerned was revealed, and in some unaccountable manner the United States authorities were made cognizant of the fact that an American convict and murderer had been discovered in Dublin. The Secretary of State made a prudent investigation of the case which resulted in establishing the true identity of the man in question, but for some reason or other his arrest was not demanded, consequently we have no more to add to this chapter. During this time his American wife and daughter were sorely afflicted, and in a perplexed state of mind, not knowing whether to recognize the young man as an impostor, or endeavor to obtain the real facts in the case. They chose the latter, and at once dispatched a letter to the address given by the informant, but no answer came. A second and a third was written with the same result. Many long and anxious days and sleepless nights were passed in vain.

Now that all efforts to communicate with him by letter were of no avail, another plan was concocted to carry out their purpose. The mother was growing old and feeble and unable to undergo the hardship and fatigue incident to a sea voyage, this being the only medium through which the proof of the young man's story could be ascertained. Not to be baffled, the daughter, who was only in her teens, made the sensational assertion that she would dispense with petticoats and don the pantaloons. This was accomplished, and she at once set out on her long and perilous journey, leaving the feeble mother to take care of herself, the other two children having died in the meantime. As she presented more of a masculine than feminine appearance her plan was very successful, but she ventured no familiarity with any of her "fellow men," although she dined and made her toilet in the same rooms as those occupied by the other male passengers. After a long and tedious voyage she arrived in the beautiful and home-like city of Dublin. Her next exploit was to endeavor to procure employment at the establishment where her father was supposed to be employed. To this end many shrewd and ingenious inquiries were made relative to the firm. The desired information being obtained, she at once appeared at the office, wearing male attire. Her application for a clerkship was made to an intelligent-looking gentleman, apparently thirty-five years old, who politely informed her that a good recommendation would be necessary before she could be employed, and adding that if such could be obtained he would be most happy to employ her. She departed discouraged and down-hearted, knowing that the required document could not be had in a strange city. She wandered several days about the streets and suburbs, and at last was inspired with a hopeful thought, and called upon a clergyman, to whom she told the entire story of her experience, etc., since leaving Dubuque. After due hesitation, he gave her a letter of recommendation. Returning with this, she was at once employed and worked faithfully for several weeks before she gained sight of her father. The meeting was an affecting one. She ran to him, threw herself at his feet, and cried out: "O, father! father! I'm your daughter and came from America to look for you." The scene will never be forgotten by the few who chanced to be present. A great sensation followed; the entire press of Dublin devoting several columns each day to comment and criticism on the male-female clerk. The illegal wife was now beyond all doubt as to her position, and immediately applied for a divorce, which was granted after considerable difficulty. The three children who were the fruits of their married life were claimed by her and granted by the court with the exception of the boy, who immigrated to America, who was given to the father. The glad tidings of the finding of the father were immediately dispatched to her mother in Dubuque, and for the first time in almost a quarter of a century, communication was opened between the legal husband and wife, which resulted in her emigration to the city of Dublin, where a few years of happy life were spent, when she died, and was shortly after followed to the shores of the unknown beyond by our hero. At the time of his death he was immensely rich, and willed a handsome fortune to our little heroine (his daughter), also half of his entire estate to his son who was the means of bringing about the happy end. But to the son's loss, he has never been heard of since. Should he be in existence still this little communication we hope will be the agent to establish some clue to his whereabouts, and convey to him the news of his good luck.

Of the wronged woman and her two daughters we have nothing to tell, for the reason that their lives from the time of our last sight of them here are entirely unknown to our informant, and as to the heroine, she is living that happiest life of woman, "an old maid," and attributes this happiness to the pantaloons.—*Dubuque Cor. Minneapolis Tribune.*

SHE WANTED THE BEST.

A New York Lady's Experience in Buying Butter of a German Grocer.

A buxom, matronly-looking woman, accompanied by a lad about seventeen, entered a grocery store Saturday evening in the neighborhood of Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue.

"Vat vas it you vant alretty?" queried the clerk, a ruddy-faced German with a mild blue eye.

"Let's see your butter."

"By grazhus, we joost got bully budder, and for feefdy cents pi der bound."

"Well, let's see it."

Several samples were produced.

"Dot vos funf-und-drezig, dot funf-und-viersig, and dot vos funszehn cends pi der bound. B'raps you like to bite sum of dem things," handing the woman a cheese scoop to taste the three samples.

She looked at them, tasted them and smelled them, but none appeared to give her any great amount of satisfaction.

"And this is the best, is it?" pointing to the fifty cent article.

"Dot vos de beshtest budder it vos bossible to make from New Yarsey. Dot gow vot make dot budder from, pi jimminy, am vorth fife tousand tollars effery time."

"You're quite sure it's the best butter?"

"If dot vos not der very beshtest dot can't be made I makes you a bresent mit the whole shtore," persisted the blue-eyed youth.

"Then let me have half a pound of it," and the woman planked down a quarter. "Tie it up securely, as I've some distance to go."

He did as requested.

"Now, let's have one of your cards, because I've walked nearly all over Yorkville trying to find a place where I can buy good, honest butter."

The clerk, anticipating a possibly good customer, handed out a card.

"Now, Johnny," turning to the lad, "just write the boss' name on the wrapper, and let me see, I think it's just about nine o'clock. Put down the time, too."

The proprietor of the store pricked up his ears like a mule, as he saw the deliberate manner with which the affair proceeded. "See here, my man," remarked the purchaser, "I'm not sure whether you know it or not, but there's a law which fines people one hundred dollars for selling stuff that some grocers call butter. I hope you're not one of 'em. If you are, you'll hear from me, sure." Then she gave the store door a bang and waited on the corner for the next up-town car.

Just as she signalled the driver, the German youth overtook her and, shoving a quarter in the boy's hand, said:

"Der boss tole me ter gif yer mudder dot money. May-be dot vos de wrong gow dot make dot budder."—*N. Y. Star.*

QUEER THINGS IN PAWN.

False Teeth, Skeletons and Babies Offered by Impecunious Capitalists.

A well dressed man entered a Market street pawn shop last night, and quietly putting his hand to his mouth took out a full set of upper teeth, bound together with a plate of pure gold. After he had rubbed them on his handkerchief he handed them shyly to the clerk, and said in a stage whisper:

"Five dollars."

The clerk handed the man the money and a ticket and he slipped quietly out of the door.

"That man's been here three times to-day," said the clerk. "The first time he left his watch and chain. The second time he left his diamond stud and ring. I've advanced him money on his false teeth before. He's a poker player. He'll be back for the teeth and the other things Monday or Tuesday.

"Do you usually loan money on false teeth?" was asked.

"No, not often. Some pawnbrokers do. A couple of medical students used to come here who got hard up about once a month. Once they had pawned all their spare clothing and all their jewelry and books and instruments. A couple of nights after they came here with a long bundle wrapped in a gossamer coat. They told me they wanted ten dollars very badly. I opened the long bundle and found a human skeleton. All the bones were strung on silver wire. Knowing them well I let them have the money and carried the skeleton up stairs in the store room, where it stood in a corner for a month before they came after it. Several times I have had women try to pawn babies. It's a common thing for men to come in here on bitter cold days and take off their overcoats and pawn them. A handsome young woman walked in here this morning, and, taking off a sealskin sacque, pawned it for ten dollars."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY."

Some Facts Concerning the Question of Wifely Obedience.

A young woman of eighteen who married a man of forty the other day in a Newark church crooked her finger during the ceremony so that the groom—contrary to his former experiences on such occasions—was unable to get the ring beyond the second joint. Upon being asked during the reception that followed as to the cause of the hitch in the proceedings at the altar, the young lady explained that she made a mental reservation in repeating the promise to love, honor and obey, and had also kept the ring from going lower down because she had heard that if it was stopped at the second joint the wife would be able to rule the husband, while if it went to the hand the husband would be supreme.

The superstition about crooking the finger is not very prevalent, and the ring almost always goes clear down; but there is reason to believe that the mental reservation in the promise of obedience is common enough. In fact, the notion that the modern woman "obeys" her husband in any such sense as is meant by the words of the marriage service is a mere myth that has come down with the marriage formula. The same equalizing spirit that has so modified woman's statutes as to abolish the old notion that a man and his wife are legally one person, and to enable her to hold and manage her own property almost as independently as the husband can manage his, has nearly wiped out the idea of obedience from the ordinary estimate of the holy estate of matrimony. Practically speaking, the woman rules fully as often as the man—more arbitrarily sometimes—more absolutely in some cases than a man ever would think of doing.

Time was when for a refractory disposition a man might lawfully correct his wife by a vigorous application of the birch. The punishment must in all cases be "reasonable," and it was held that he must not flog her with a stick thicker than his thumb; but she could be reduced to submission by the man of the house, if frequent whippings would do it, not only without danger of punishment to the man, but with the positive approval of his neighbors and probably also of all his wife's friends. If domestic discipline in those days proved insufficient to control her tongue—for it was for offenses of speech rather than deed that the wife was commonly corrected—she was taken before the Magistrate and tried for a common scold, and if convicted was set upon the public ducking-stool by the constable and soused in a horse pond or some convenient river.

It is perhaps to be regretted that no statistics are or can be kept showing the extent and usual consequences of quarrels between married people, and it would be interesting to know—if such information was attainable—whether, on the average, matrimonial unions were happier and more peaceful when the husband had the legal right and practical power to compel obedience from the wife than they are now when he has only a shadowy and sentimental sort of obedience—if he has any at all—that is supposed to be inculcated by the language used in the wedding ceremony.

There is a sort of womanly obedience that amounts to devotion. It comes only from women who are capable of great love, and from them only when it happens that they are joined to men who are fortunate enough to command their utmost respect as well as affection. If all the men in a large city were to be called together and asked to raise their right hands if they believed themselves masters of their own homes through love, it is to be feared that not more than half the arms would go up.

In point of fact women are much more fond of control at home than men are, and much more likely to exercise it. It is common to hear a woman boast how she "manages" her husband, and very often—perhaps it may be said generally—her management is most judicious. In many things a woman has more tact than a man, and she is likely enough to have that superiority of judgment which fairly entitles her to obedience.

It would get red of a sort of harmless sham to give up the entire notion of a married woman's subordinate position by which she owes to her husband some sort of obedience which he does not owe to her. In this age and country the thing itself does not exist. A child is supposed to obey its parents, and a citizen to obey the laws; but nobody supposes that, in any like manner, a wife obeys her husband or is bound to obey him. The Newark girl was right in her view of the case, though she took a not very efficacious method of avoiding the danger. There is no sense in putting into a woman's mouth a promise of obedience which she never intends to keep. —*Detroit Post.*

STINGLESS BEES OF CUBA.

Insects Which are Unprofitable Except as Objects of Curiosity.

During our stay on the island of Cuba we employed much time investigating its honey flora and the quality of honey produced by each variety.

On one occasion as we were examining the flowers of a royal palm, which, standing at the foot of a rather steep hill and ourselves at an elevation, brought the circle of flowers within twenty feet of us, we could, with our powerful field-glass, bring the bees, so to speak, so near that the characteristics of the different kinds were easily discovered. There were wasps, yellow jackets, bumblebees and Italians; but what particularly attracted our attention was a little insect which, to our recollection, was so exactly like the stingless bees of South America, which we had seen on one or two occasions several years ago, that we at once surmised they were identical.

After a good deal of inquiry we finally learned that our surmises were correct, and that a colony of these delightful little insects was in possession of a native living several miles away in the dense forest, engaged, in a primitive way, in the production of charcoal.

Pedro Casanova and myself at once set out on horseback and arrived at the cabin of the Cuban, just as the sun was going down, and to our delight, found the object of our search. The little beauties were located in the section of a hollow log about six inches in diameter and two feet long, suspended by a rope on the side wall of the cabin in a horizontal position.

A little round hole, hardly a quarter of an inch in diameter, in the center of one end of the log, formed the only place of exit or entrance; the other end was closed with what seemed to be a conglomeration of pollen, wax, resin and some other moist and sticky material.

Looking into the entrance hole, all we could discover was the little white fuzzy head of one of these insects peering out [illegible] in a cautious, half cowardly manner. The last of these foragers were just returning, and it was amusing to see how swiftly, yet surely, they would always dart from the air directly into the little entrance hole, without even once missing or having to crawl in, like our ordinary bees.

In all their movements they are as swift as lightning, and we had great difficulty in catching one and more in keeping him after being caught.

The other end of this log hive was filled with a plug, which, being withdrawn, the lady of the house took a [illegible] stick, and, reaching into the hive, perforated sev[illegible]ger bags; then holding a [illegible] tumbler under and slightly elevating the other end of the hive, the honey ran in a stream and soon nearly filled the tumbler with a very delicious but rather thin honey.

This honey is supposed by the natives to possess medicinal virtues and is sold at a high price, something like the "bumble-bee honey" in the city, with this difference, that the former is the real honey, produced by the stingless bees, while the latter, so far as the bumblebee is concerned in its production, is a myth; but so far as either party possessing any medicinal superiority over ordinary honey, it must reside entirely with the faith of the patient.

We at once purchased this hive and took it on our shoulder, remounted the horse and carried it safely back to the Casanova apiary.

Here we fitted up a nice little bamboo log for the hive and commenced the work of drumming out the little pets, but to our astonishment they would not "drum out worth a cent." We then tried smoke with no better success. Finally we procured a rip-saw, and by being very cautious we succeeded in splitting the log from end to end. We then took out the nest, pollen, honey, bees and all and fitted it into our pretty bamboo, left it for three weeks until the bees had it all fastened and fixed in, then brought it home to New York safe and sound; but alas! forgetting to wrap up the hive one cold night, the little inmates chilled and died.

Many have been the speculations indulged in by the would-be wise in regard to these bees, nearly all of which are mistaken notions. The idea that there is any danger in handling them bare-faced and bare-handed is untrue.

They will not mix with any varieties of our true honey bees, and they are unprofitable except as objects of curiosity.

A fair-sized "colony" is composed of about from one thousand to fifteen hundred bees occupying a round space of perhaps eighteen inches long and four inches in diameter. About five inches from the entrance are the brood combs, which are suspended from the upper part of the roof of the hollow space in parallel rows and about four combs. The ro[illegible] round, not quite so thick as ordinary brood comb and not more than three inches in diameter. The sacks containing honey and pollen look very much alike and do not resemble cells in any sense; they are somewhat irregular in shape, being an inch long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, holding about two tablespoonfuls of honey each. They are of a dark color and lie on top, bottom and sides, packed like so many bags of grain, three-fourths of them filled with pollen and the balance with honey.

In shape these bees are much like the bee and in color like the yellow jacket, but they are not more than one-fifth the size of the bumble-bee and perhaps the body is longer in proportion than his big cousin. The queen is really beautiful and differs in shape from the workers in the same way ordinary queens differ from the workers, but these bees are much more vigorous and can cling to objects with greater tenacity than any insect we have ever seen.—*Cor. Beekeeper's Magazine.*

A PAIR OF SHOES.

One of the Most Typical Products of Modern Industry.

A great naturalist said, "Show me a scale, I'll draw the fish." Had he been a shoemaker he might have said, "Show me a shoe, I'll tell the wearer." The sandal of the Arab, the tiny shoe of the high-bred woman of China, the wooden dancing-shoe of the Dutch, the high-heeled court slipper or the sensible walking shoes of the English and Americans, proclaim their nationality to the tyro. An amateur might not readily recognize the characteristics of different districts within a single nation, but the practiced designer must know that in the United States, for instance, your Northerner wants his shoe comfortable, neat and stylish; the Southerner asks for something fancy and handsome; the agricultural West demands solidity, fullness, and an article stout to break the land for a coming population.

"A pair of shoes" is one of the most [illegible] products of modern industry. [illegible] them the animal kingdom contributes from the herds roaming on Western plains or South American pampas, or from the barn-yards near at home; the vegetable, from dotted groves of hemlock and oak or from the great forests still left to us. Great textile manufactories supply cloth and thread; mines, furnaces and forges combine to furnish nail or wire. A hundred machines have been invented, one of which has changed the whole course of a great industry and produced large cities. Through scores of processes, the forty-four pieces of a pair of shoes require to bring them together the cooperation of fifty men, women and children; the division of labor is pursued to the utmost, demanding in turn for its successful maintenance the dispersion of product the world over: until, as a result, you, well-shod reader, can buy for three dollars what would have cost your forefather six.

As the reader buys a pair of shoes his next pair may at the same moment be dodging the lasso of the "cowboy" on some far-away plain, or perhaps be in process of slaughter at Chicago. The perishable beef promptly reaches the market, and one day soon you dine from a fat, juicy roast, little thinking as you smack your lips after dinner that the fine, pliable skin which once protected the delicate morsel may at some time contribute to your outward comfort. Stranger things have happened. The skins or hides meantime are salted, and the buyer of salted hides sends part of them, say, to Peabody, Mass., to be tanned for upper-leather, and the rest to central New York, to be tanned for sole-leather.—*H. M. Newhall, in Harper's Magazine.*

DEALING IN DEAD HORSES.

Shoes, Fertilizers, Ladies' Switches, Buttons and Glue Made Out of Defunct Equines.

A crowd had gathered on a South Side street corner, where a horse with a broken leg had been shot. As the owner stood ruefully surveying his loss a fat, dark complexioned man elbowed his way up and said, as he smiled grimly:

"Say, mister, I'll cart that horse away if you will give it to me. Is it a bargain?"

The owner pondered a moment, looked around at the crowd, and remarked:

"The animal is no use to me, and I guess you can have it, but I'm blessed if I know what you want with it. You can have it if you will tell me."

"All right. You see a dead horse represents considerable money to me, and when I can get one, I am going to drop onto it every time. I'll haul the animal out to my place, where I will skin it and tan the hide, or else sell it raw to one of the tanneries. It will then go to some boot and shoe firm, who will proceed to make it up into shoes. The leather, being soft and waterproof, makes up nicely and commands a fancy price.

"Shoes made of cordovan, as the leather is called, are considered the proper thing by swells and sell well. The tail, when it is long and bushy, can be made into a nice horse-brush or switch for ladies. To make a nice switch, I take out the bone from the tail and tack the skin onto a handle, and there we have it, all ready for use as soon as it gets dry."

"But, what do you do with the remainder of the body—the bones and flesh?"

"O, they come in handy. I raise lots of hunting dogs. Of course, if I were to buy beef for them it would cost me a small fortune. When I get or buy dead horses I save some of the meat, feeding the dogs on that. They thrive on it, and it don't cost me much.

"The hoofs I sell to some glue factory, where they are boiled down and made into glue. Do I make use of the bones? Of course I do. Sometimes I grind them up and sell them as fertilizers. Ground bone is the stuff to spread on your garden if you want to raise good crops. When I am busy and want to dispose of them I sell them to some button-factory. They make buttons, large and small, out of bones. I have seen some knife handles made from bone, but it cracks easily and is not used much. Buttons are more generally made from horse bones than anything else in that line.

"Now, if you want any meat for your cats let me know, and I will supply you," but the former possessor of the horse did not seem to relish the idea of his cats being fed on horseflesh, and declined the offer with thanks.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

THE SAWDUST INCENDIARY.

The Mischief Done and Loss Caused by The Improper Use of Sawdust.

The sawdust spittoon should not be tolerated a day in any building whose owner is desirous of avoiding loss by fire. To this apparently harmless and cleanly article are traced many fires, and it is undoubtedly the cause of those mysterious conflagrations which are so constantly happening. Not long ago the treasurer of one of the Boston insurance companies was in New Hartford, N. Y., and while there he was invited to inspect the cotton-mill in the town with a view to making any suggestions, as the mill was considered quite a model in its fire protection appliances. And so the insurance official found it, save in one particular. In the weave-room, under a pair of match gears, was a box of sawdust placed there to catch the oil. "It's only a matter of time," said he, "when that box will be the cause of burning your mill. A piece of rag will fall into the saturated sawdust and spontaneous combustion will readily ensue; or a partially burned match will set the sawdust smoldering." At this the mill-owner said he knew now what caused the fire in the office some months previously. He arrived at the office one morning to find that the floor had burned through where a sawdust cuspidor was placed, and a good fire was being worked up in the basement. Undoubtedly a half-lighted cigar or match had caused the fire, after smoldering for hours. A similar narrow escape occurred in Boston only a few weeks ago. When the office boy came round in the morning to open the building it was found that the sawdust spittoon, which stood under the gas-jet in a most convenient place to throw burned matches, had burned through the floor during the night and was on fire in the basement. The building was one of the largest storage warehouses in Boston, and contained merchandise at that time valued at $90,000. A narrow escape for the insurance companies. Railroad stations frequently use this neat but incendiary appliance, and they are to be found everywhere. Underwriters should see to it that they be absolutely prohibited. The danger lies in the sawdust. Sand is just as cheap, answers every purpose and is safe to use.—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin.*

Jumping on Moving Trains.

"Some folks don't seem to have any sense about getting off cars," remarked the brakeman. "Every once in a while some man will jump off and hurt himself when a little common sense would teach him better. Some years ago I was running on an express on the New York Central. Just as we go into Rochester we cross Hudson Street. One night as we were running in, at the rate of about eighteen miles an hour, I was standing on the rear platform. A tall, well-dressed man with a shiny plug hat and an elegant valise came out and inquired if that was Hudson Street. I told him it was, and before I knew what he was doing he jumped. I looked back quick and saw him strike the ground. Then he leaped as if he had been thrown out of a cannon at least twenty feet, turning a half somersault and lighting on his head in the mud. Then he rolled over six or eight times. The mud at Hudson Street was about three inches deep, and when this man picked himself up he was an object. He looked as if he was made of mud. The last glimpse I had of him he had both hands up trying with all his might to shove his plug hat up off his shoulders. I'd a laughed even if I'd ha' known he was dying, which he wasn't, but I'll bet he gets off at stations now.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Boston is believed to have more music teachers than any other city in the United States.

FAST TRAINS.

The Time They Save and What Might be Accomplished by Higher Speed.

The real gain of time to a business man obtained by a difference of a few miles an hour in the speed of a long-journey train is illustrated by an actual case: A man in New York wishes to do a day's work in Chicago. He takes one of the fastest and best-appointed trains he can find—the Chicago limited. It leaves New York at nine in the morning and lands in Chicago at eleven the next morning, having accomplished 914 miles in twenty-six hours and fifty-five minutes, allowing for the difference of the time between the two cities. This makes an average speed of 33.8 miles per hour, including all stoppages. But [illegible] —that as high a speed can be obtained on the Pennsylvania or any other first-class American road as on the English main line, and what shape does the problem assume? On the English road, the Great Northern, the distance between Leeds and London, 186¼ miles, is done in three hours and forty-five minutes, including five stoppages; on another, the Great Western, the 126¾ miles between Birmingham and London is run in two hours and forty-five minutes, including two stoppages; and as neither of these routes is particularly level or straight, and both pass through numerous junctions, with a perfect maze of switches and frogs, they give a full idea of what is possible in speed on the railroads of the country. These figures give, respectively, speed of 49.8 and 47.2 miles per hour. Taking as a fair average forty-eight miles an hour, including stoppages, the journey from New York to Chicago should be done in eighteen hours fifty-nine minutes, or say nineteen hours, a saving of nearly eight hours on the present time; so that if the train was arranged to leave at 4:55 in the afternoon, the whole of this time would be saved in the busy part of the day, thus effectually adding a day to our imaginary traveler's business and dollar-making life.

It may be thought that such a deduction is unfair, as the English style of car is so much lighter than the American; but, as a matter of fact, the average English express-car is considerably heavier than the Chicago limited, and conveys about three times the number of passengers; and as trucks and oil lubricated axle-boxes are not universal there, the tractive resistance per ton is probably higher. It certainly, therefore, seems not only possible, but feasible, to obtain these high speeds in this country, where, owing to the long distances to be traveled, they are more valuable than in England; and the great step toward attaining that end is the adoption of proper and efficient signaling arrangements. All the other steps are achieved. The American passenger locomotive of the present day is perfectly competent to drag a heavy train at a speed of sixty miles an hour; the cars, as now constructed, can travel safely and smoothly at that speed, and the steel rail and the well-ballasted tie and perfect workmanship of the modern iron bridges can well support the thundering concussion of an express train at full speed. But this speed can only be maintained for a few miles at a time if the engineer who guides this train be doubtful whether the dimly seen signals imply safety or danger, or if the laws of the State bring him to a full stand where his road is crossed by a small corporation with a high-sounding title, which owns one locomotive with a split tube sheet and two cars down a ditch.

To run a fast train a clear, uninterrupted road is absolutely necessary, and the reason is not far to seek. To move a body from a state of rest to a velocity of sixty miles an hour, or eighty-eight feet per second, an amount of work must be performed equivalent to lifting that body 121 feet. Now it is apparent to the simplest capacity that it requires a pretty powerful engine to overcome the resistance of a train running sixty miles per hour without every few miles putting on brakes to destroy the velocity, and then to lift it 121 feet again to attain speed, the resistance of the air and the friction of the bearings of journals and of flanges against rails going on all the time. As a matter of fact, showing what severe work this is on an engine, the Zulu express on the Great Western Railroad of England, which is the fastest train in the world, has been repeatedly carefully timed, and it is found that, though running over an almost absolutely level and straight road, it takes a distance of twenty-six to twenty-eight miles to attain its full speed of fifty-eight and one-half miles an hour.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

VALUE OF LABOR.

How Labor May Increase the Value of Metal to More Than Forty Times its First Cost.

A school reading-book of the last generation had an article on the mechanic arts in which was a remarkable statement of the immense increase of value imparted to a pound of iron when manipulated and manufactured into watch springs. The illustration was misleading because it left out all the expense of conversion from crude iron to spring steel, and took no account of the inevitable enormous waste of material; the idea conveyed was that the conversion of a single pound of iron into a pound of watch springs was possible.

But the increased value of a product of manufacture by labor can be illustrated by an example that is open to no objection or overstatement. A piece of steel bar, square, three-eighths of an inch diameter and two inches long, worth perhaps half a cent, can be increased to more than forty times its initial value by labor. A single blow of a drop hammer on the heated steel punches the central portion against the sides and forms the steel into a hollowed parallelogram; another blow forms the outside, so that the squared ends become rounded or shaped like the bows of a boat; a final blow completes the shape into that of a sewing shuttle. The forging is then placed in a die under a powerful press to compact its substance, is finished on a buff wheel, is drilled, fitted with a tension spring and is ready for sale, bringing at wholesale from twenty to thirty cents.—*Scientific American.*

—In a cemetery in France one reads: "Here lies Gabrielle, my adored wife. She was an angel. Never shall I be consoled for her loss." On the same stone: "Here lies Henrietta, my second wife. She was also an angel."

—P. T. Barnum says that the receipts of his show for the season of 1884 were $1,400,000.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The agricultural colleges are deservedly in public favor. They should be independent in every way.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—The English Methodists have raised a fund of $100,000 for carrying the Gospel to the most abandoned districts in the world's metropolis.

—Miss Irving, Washington Irving's niece, proposes to give the next graduating class at Princeton College a slip of ivy from one planted by the author himself, and brought by him from Abbotsford.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The parish church at Stratford-on-Avon, which is Shakspeare's burial place, is to be renovated and restored, all its historical features being preserved. The movement of removing the poet's bones seems to have subsided.

—The Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Maclagan, in his speech at the recent sessional opening of the King's College, London, classes for women, spoke out clearly and distinctly as to the right of every woman to avail herself of every chance of obtaining the highest education possible.

—Bishop Isaac W. Wiley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who died very suddenly in Fuh Chau, China, was making an Episcopal tour of the Asiatic missions of his church, in which he felt a great interest, particularly in China, where he had served as a missionary. He was elected Bishop in 1872, at the age of forty-seven.

—Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, United States Secretary of State, has been elected President of the American Bible Society, in the place of the late S. Wells Williams, LL.D. Mr. Frelinghuysen is the nephew and adopted son of a former president of the society, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen. He is a member of the Reformed Church.

—Rev. W. M. Patterson, of the Southern Methodist Mexico mission, writes that the new mission in Morelia, Mexico, is prospering, with a congregation of from five to six hundred persons. The industrial colleges in the city of Mexico, the girls under Miss Halloran, and the boys under Professor Trujello, are doing better than ever before. The work in the Guadalajara district is advancing, and there have been several conversions.

—The *Church Standard* says: Let parents beware what they say about the sermon or the preacher before their children, in whose hearts the Word of God may be seeking a lodgment. Why pray in the morning for the conversion of sinners, and then, by cold criticism of the sermon, neutralize the very means by which it pleases God to save? Thoughtless comments at the dinner table will do this far more effectually than all the profanity the children hear as they pass the drinking saloons on their way to school.

—The number of pupils attending the public schools of the State of South Carolina during the past year was 185,619. The eagerness of the colored people to secure an education for their children is phenomenal. The Morris Street School for colored children in Charleston is the largest in the State, containing more than 1,400 pupils. The school is divided into three departments, grammar, intermediate and primary, and is governed by a Principal, Vice Principal and twenty-four assistants, the latter being ladies. The teaching staff are all white, and are natives of Charleston.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—More than 3,000 horses die every week in London. This is what makes alligator leather so cheap over there.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears, and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says, between the two, she doesn't miss a husband very much.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—It is said that when the left ear "burns" somebody is talking ill about you; and you may have noticed that the left ear burns about ninety per cent. oftener than the right ear.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A young man who left home in Connecticut several years ago to seek his fortune, recently wrote from Texas saying: "I have settled here." It has since transpired that he was right. He had settled at twenty cents on the dollar.

—A Pittsbugh woman shot and killed a man in that town recently because she "loved him." It is pleasant, no doubt, to be loved, but this business of having it shot into a fellow is accompanied by its disadvantages.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Can any one explain why a New England school-marm walks around a chair before she sits down?—*Brooklyn Times.* Certainly. It is to get on the other side. We never like to see any one in doubt when it lies in our power to relieve his anxiety.—*Boston Post.*

—Some people make a mistake in confounding the word "pleasantries" with "humorous." There is a fine distinction to be drawn. Many editors have lost their positions by getting a humorous paragraph in a pleasantry column.—*Peck's Sun.*

—A gentleman was telling a tale of deep distress to a Quaker, one day, and concluded by saying: "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

—"The only serious mistake I made during my professional career," remarked a physician, "was when I cut the wrong leg off a patient. It resulted in losing both legs, poor fellow." "I suppose when he learned of your mistake he became very indignant, and made a great kick, didn't he?" "Well, yes, he became very indignant, but he didn't make a great kick."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"Now, sir," said the Prosecuting Attorney, pompously, "you are a railroad man, you say. Now, sir, let's see how much you know about your business, sir. What motive, sir, has your company for running its trains through the city faster than the ordinances decree?" "What motive?" "Yes, sir, what motive? Come sir!" "Why, locomotive, I should say." The witness was fined for contempt of court.—*Chicago News.*

—There is a story of a man who was tried for stealing a pair of trousers. He was ably defended and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner's counsel collected his fee and then said to the vindicated statesman: "Well, get out. You're free." "I'll wait till he goes," returned the victim of slander, pointing to the plaintiff. "I don't want him to see me." "Why not?" "Cause I've got them breeches on."—*Puck.*

The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN. : : KENTUCKY.

VERY COMMON LAW.

One day an aged millionaire
Fell most extremely ill;
With mournful air his mournful heirs
They begged he'd make his will;
And sweetly acquiescent, he
Dispatched for Mr. Wright
To write the document, and then
Expired—that very night.

His kin, with sighs of wondrous size,
Remarked that life is brief,
And vied with one another in
Displaying vi'lent grief;
And when the last sad rites were o'er,
With one accord they went
To hear the proper person read
His latest testament.

The ready lawyer read aloud
The different bequests,
While very various feelings swelled
Within the listeners' breasts,
And some resolved with energy
To break that unjust will,
And some resolved with filial zeal
Its wishes to fulfill.

So those who held the will was right
Secured Lawyer Nab,
And those opposed, the service of
The smart attorney Grab;
And now the poor afflicted ones,
Plunged into legal strife,
No longer shed their tears for death,
But let them flow for life.

To tell you how the quarrel grew
I will not even try,
The poetry of pros and cons
Is tedious and dry;
I know they argued high and low,
The usual oaths they swore,
And all the cases cited that
Were ever tried before.

Time passed, and these contestants strove,
With still increasing rage,
Until the latest litigant
Was bowed with care and age;
Till Death with coldest disregard
Cut off their arguments,
Allowing plaintiffs no appeal,
Defendants no defense.

Also at last, the lawyers died,
And with a solemn face,
The undertaker gravely said:
"Lie here, and try my case!"
And thus I close my simple tale,
With which I'd be content
Could I but tell—what no one knows—
Which way the money went.

—*Mrs. George Archibald, in Burlington Hawk-eye.*

AN OLD TROGLODYTE.

What Captain Moseley Discovered in His Search for Health.

While a party of men were waiting at a lonely station for a night train, Captain Jed Moseley was induced to tell a story. The station agent, after placing a signal lantern on the end of a cross-tie, had gone home. He had locked up the squalid little shanty that served as a depot house, and the men who were waiting for the "down freight" had built a fire in the woods near the track and were sitting around it with as much patience as men could well exercise on such an occasion. The Captain did not yield in ready response, for he was not in the best of spirits, but after urgent solicitations he began, without knocking the ashes from his his pipe or refilling it, as the story-teller known in literature always does, but simply tossing an old briar root pipe to the man from whom he had borrowed it, he related, so far as the writer's recollection is unerring, the following:

Some time ago, when I was in the Internal Revenue service, my health gave way to such an extent that I was advised by a physician to relinquish all labor and seek a prolonged rest in the country. I had numerous invitations from friends living near the city, but I accepted none, having decided to visit some place far removed from the active scenes of man. One day, after bidding the boys a hasty farewell, I mounted a horse and set out for the sylvan shades and rugged steeps of the Boston Mountains, in Arkansaw. The weather was charming. The October sun shone with the merest suggestion of summer warmth; the air was refreshing, the horizon purple with a soft haze and the woodland streams, covered with leaves of all hues, sparkled in kaleidoscopic splendor. I made no inquiries; asked not whither a road would lead me, but pursued my incidental and unchosen way.

Houses became scarce, and sometimes I was compelled to pass the night under a rock. I had brought with me a reserve supply of food, and as the little valleys afforded abundant grass, neither myself nor my horse suffered.

One afternoon, after traversing a narrow path that wound around among the mountains and suddenly became so steep that to pursue it farther seemed impossible, I stopped, and, allowing my horse to graze, I lay down on an ancient bowlder that had evidently fallen from some great height, and sank to sleep. I was awakened by music—a flute. "Can it be possible," I mused, "that anyone away up here is acquainted with the use of such a mellow-toned instrument? Yes, it is evidently a flute. I will look for the musician."

Leaving my horse, I climbed down, stepping from rock to rock, holding to saplings and swinging by vines, until I reached a little valley. The sounds of the flute, after I descended, were not quite so distinct as before, for I could now hear the noise of swiftly running water—not a rush, nor a roar, but a quiet glide of water, if I may use such a phrase. Turning a sharp ledge of rock, I saw the musician sitting on a stone. Just below him a small river swept along, and back of him, I soon discovered, was a cave. As I neared him, he ceased playing, but did not arise. He was a very old man, with long, white whiskers and long, snowy hair that fell on his shoulders.

"How are you, sir?" said I, though with bad grace, for I could not help but stare at him.

"As well as one of my age could expect to be," he replied.

"Do you live in this neighborhood?"

"I live in there," pointing toward the cave.

"Do you live alone?"

"Yes, and seek no company."

"I do not mean to intrude upon you. I am seeking health——"

"And I am seeking quiet."

"I should not have known that you were here, sir, if you had kept quiet."

"And if you had kept away from this place you would never have known but that I was quiet."

Here he took up his flute and began to blow a dismal tune, which I took to be a melancholy signal that the conversation, so far as it concerned the venerable troglodyte, was closed. I ventured to make another remark, but the mournful tones of his long yellow flute were the only reply I received. Returning to my horse, after discovering a way by which I could lead him down to the valley, I continued my wayward course. The sounds of the flute followed me, and even after I had crossed the river, which my faithful horse swam like a duck, I could hear the melancholy wail of the old man's lugubrious overture. I had not proceeded very far, after crossing the river, until I came to a large log house built close against the side of a mountain. It was the first house I had seen for some time, and as I was not likely to see another one very soon, I dismounted, tied my horse to a sapling, and opened the rude gate with the intention of knocking at the door, when an enormous dog, that looked more like a lion, bounded from behind an ash-hopper, and came at me with a roar. I sprang on to the fence and climbed up a grapevine depending from a tree, just in time, too, for when I ventured to look down, there he stood on the fence gazing at me.

"You Bose!" yelled a voice, "come here, sah. Don't pay no 'tention to him, stranger. He only wanted to skeer you a little."

"He has succeeded," I replied, without placing enough confidence in the man's explanation to trust myself to descend within reach of the dog.

"Go way from thar, I tell you, sah," throwing an iron wedge against the fence. The dog jumped down and trotted away, and I, thus assured of protection, left my perch and joined the man in the yard.

"How do you do, sah?" said he, extending his hand.

"As well as a frightened man could well be," I rejoined.

"Wall, he wouldenter hurt you even if he had gotten his mouth on you. He ain't got no teeth. He is gittin' along in years and has fit coons till his teeth air about all gone. Come in."

I followed him into the house. In front of a small fire in a great fire-place sat a woman and a girl. They arose when we entered. The woman was not bad looking, and the girl was positively beautiful, with flashing black eyes and hair as dark as the gathered gloom of midnight.

I told them my name, after which the man said: "My name is Redman Jeffries; this is my wife and this"—with an air of pride, I imagined—"is my daughter Lentie. Set down an' make yourself at home. I don't know your business and I ain't keen to know; still if it's all the same to you, w'y jes' tell us why you air in this here neighborhood, anyhow."

I told him that I was seeking health and that I thought I could find it among the mountains.

"That's whar you show your sense, my fren'. When a man is out huntin' health an' fails to find it 'mong mountains like these here—" waving his arm in a sweep of illustration—"w'y then he mout as well go home an' turn his hoss loose, fur he ain't goin' to find it nowhar. Mother, kain't you an' Lentie stir your stumps an' git the stranger a little bit to eat while I go out and look airter his critter. Jes' make yourself at home, now, my fren'. I wa'n't keen to know your business, but sence you have been so kind as to tell us, w'y we wa'n't to make some sort o' return. We don't have a visitor onc't in a year, and when we do, we wants to make him comfortable. Don't we, mur?"

"Yes, Redman."

"Don't we, Lentie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thar, I knowed it."

CHAPTER II.

I had intended to continue my journey, but when the following morning came I could not get my consent. It was not that I was tired of wandering among the blue-topped mountains; it was, I think, that having passed an evening so delightfully, I fondly contemplated another.

"Don't think o' going so soon," said the old man Jeffries, when, after saddling my horse, I stood hesitating. "If you air airter health, Mr. Moseley, an' air willin' to put up with our rough way o' livin', w'y we ken accommodate you. If I was out lookin' airter health, I wouldn't want a better place than this here is."

"Mr. Jeffries," said I, turning and catching sight of a beautiful face in the doorway as I did so, "if I can engage board with you I will remain a few weeks."

"I can board you as cheap as anybody."

"I was not considering the cheapness of accommodation."

"Then why don't you turn your horse a loose an' go in the house?"

I went into the house. Although the sun had come up in a golden burst over the jagged peak of the "Eagle's Nest"—a grand pile of rocks and trees that looked as though distorted by perpetual anger—yet a cloud that had at dawn lurked with lowering frown over the Devil's Knob spread its vulture-like wings, hovering about the valley, and sent down a steady pour of rain. Is there anything that facilitates acquaintance like confinement in a farm-house on a rainy day? Contemplate the dash of water against the windows; the drooping bushes in the yard; the great rocks down whose seams the water runs like a flood of tears; the despoiled rooster, standing on one foot—and then, turn to the fire that murmurs like a drowsy cat; to the old-fashioned churn in the corner; to the spinning-wheel, which from the semi-gloom under the stairway seems to throw up its head like the picture of a unicorn; the sound of knitting-needles and—ah, the delightful snap of beautiful eyes, the smile of beautiful lips—is there an earthly situation more enjoyably mixed with the bright and the dreary, a blending of whose charm seizes us, and makes us live one hour for each minute, yet never tire of time's slow "drag along."

"By the way," said I, when we were all seated around the fire, "yesterday while exploring a valley on the other side of the river, I found an old man sitting in front of a cave, blowing a flute. I tried to engage him in conversation, but he looked so unkindly upon my attempt that I was compelled to withdraw without being any the wiser for having seen him."

"He's been thar a dozen years or more," replied Mr. Jeffries. "Nobody knowd when he come or why he come. He never leaves the cave. When he ain't inside he sets at the door an' blows music outen a piece 'o' fishin' pole. I may not have a very good year fur music, but give me my choice, lissenin' to a dyin' calf ur that ole feller, an' blamed ef I wouldn't tell the calf to go ahead."

"Does he ever allow any one to enter the cave?"

"O, yes. He's sorter curious, but if you don't pay no attention to him, it's all right. Anybody can go up an' walk into the cave, which they tell me is a curious place. Lentie here has been in thar. I never had much curiosity about the old feller. His music is enough for me."

"What kind of place is it inside?" I asked, turning to Lentie.

"Very quaint," she replied, "everything you see suggests the peculiar character of the old man."

"O, she's a scholar," said the old man, in admiration of his daughter's readiness of expression. "I never had much money, an' I've always had to work hard, me an' my wife, but we sent Lentie off to school, didn't we, Nancy?"

"Yes, Redman," replied the wife, fumbling with her knitting to recover a lost stitch."

"Yes we did, an' the beauty o' it is, Lentie ain't ashamed o' her old dad, nuther, air you, Lentie?"

"Pa, you ought to be slapped for asking such a question," she rejoined, bounding to the old man's side and encircling his neck with her arms."

"Thar, now," said he, "we don't wan't no spectickel. Set down an' tell our frien' about the cave."

"All that I could tell would not be half so interesting as a visit to the place. To-morrow we will go and see it."

CHAPTER III.

Early next morning, when the "shouting sun" rose as though freshened by the rain, Lentie and I set out for the abode of the venerable troglodyte. The distance was not great, for we were not more than out of sight of the house until we could see the river. The old fellow must have been eating his breakfast, for we heard nothing of the flute until we had crossed the river in a canoe which we found under the willows. When we started up the bank the old man appeared and began to blow a blast of solemn notes.

"We want to look in the cave," said Lentie.

"Well, you're looking in the cave," he replied.

"But we wan't to go in."

"Oh!"

"Old gentleman," said I, "your life here must be dreary enough."

"If it were not dreary enough," he rejoined, "I would seek some place more dreary."

"Of course you are bored by every one who chances to meet you, but I would really like to know something concerning you. Why did you take up your habitation in such a place?"

"Sir, is not the scenery beautiful?"

"O, yes," I replied, "but beautiful scenery alone does not supply the necessities of life."

"You are persistent," said he, fingering the flute without putting the instrument to his lips. "What is your business here?"

"I have no business. I am here to seek recreation from overwork."

"And I am here," he replied with a sigh, to seek forgetfulness. Disappointment, young man."

"Old gentleman, I will attempt no further to discover the cause of your self-imposed solitude. Will you allow us to enter the cave?"

"Yes, and I will accompany you."

It was indeed a quaint place. The cave was not large, only containing two rooms. These were entered after passing through a long hallway. The rock floors were carpeted with the skins of wild beasts, and the walls in places were decorated with snake skins. The old man was silent during our inspection. He offered no explanation of his strange taste for decoration and we asked none. After leaving the troglodyte we strolled along the beautiful little river until noon, when we returned to the house.

CHAPTER IV.

I had remained three weeks with Mr. Jeffries, whom I found to be, despite his lack of education, very much of a gentleman. When I thought of leaving a sadness oppressed me. My health had improved so much that the old man declared I could "jump a ten-rail fence, staked and ridered." I don't think that Mrs. Jeffries had left off knitting for ten minutes since my arrival. I don't know how many pairs of socks she had finished, and in truth don't know that she had finished any, for the work on the needles always seemed about the same length.

One day while Jeffries and his wife were away, walking around the small farm—the wife carrying her knitting—Lentie burst into the room and exclaimed:

"O, Mr. Moseley, leave here! Please do! Don't look at me that way, for it is because I love you so that I want you to leave! Somebody will kill you. O, please go!"

I caught her in my arms, and with her head resting on my shoulder, she told me something that made my blood leap.

"When your father returns to the house," said I, releasing her, "tell him that I am gone, but that I will soon return."

"But they will kill you if you come back."

"I will bring men with me. Don't tell your father anything of what you have discovered. He might say something that would endanger his life. Good-bye."

CHAPTER V.

Not more than a week passed until I returned with ten men, brave fellows who had served in the army. Having secreted them to advantage, I went to call on Mr. Jeffries. I saw in an instant that his daughter had followed my instructions.

"Come back airter more health, eh?" said he, with a sly wink at his wife, who sat in the corner rattling her knitting needles.

"Yes, and I hope that I will find enough to last me for some time to come."

"I reckon you are tired, Cap'n. Better go to bed, don't you think?"

"No, I have work to-night."

"Work!" he repeated in surprise. "What work can you do to-night?"

"I will explain to-morrow. Good-night."

Lentie followed me to the door. Her tears rolled down my cheek.

I found my men anxious for the fun, as they termed it. They had not much longer to wait. We crossed the river without making a sound. When within a short distance of the cave we halted. The boys secreted themselves and I advanced. The moon was shining brightly. The old troglodyte sat on his stool. Seeing me he took up his flute. He was out of patience with me. His manner was insulting. Looking around while talking to him, I saw my men creeping from rock to rock. Each one was an excellent shot.

"You have been in this neighborhood long enough," said the old man. "I don't want you here. I warn you go."

"Suppose I don't go?"

"Fatal supposition."

"Why, do you own this country?"

"Don't question me."

"Old man, I will not leave here!" I had moved aside and was not standing directly in front of the cave.

He blew a loud, startling note.

A yell came up from the cave. A body of rough men rushed forth. I dodged behind a rock, and my men fired. Wild yells arose. Then came a hand to hand fight. I knocked the old man down with a pistol. The fight was desperate. Two of my men fell and rolled into the river. The ravine rang with the terrible din. At last the ruffians, seeing themselves beaten, sprang into the river. Only a few of them escaped. The old troglodyte sat up. Convulsively he tore away the long white hair and whiskers, revealing the face of a comparatively young man. We bound him and entered the cave. After entering the old man's room we noticed that a rock had been removed, discovering a dark apartment. It was a large distillery. A passage led to the river, far down the stream. A complete exploration showed how perfect were their arrangements.

The old troglodyte proved to be a once-noted Kansas outlaw. He was sent back to that State and was hanged.

My men preferred to camp after recovering the dead bodies of their comrades. When I returned to the house I found Lentie prostrated from excitement. The old gentleman was almost wild. Then I explained how Lentie, while gathering nuts, had heard several men speak of killing me if I ever attempted to go near the cave again.

"Wall, this do beat anything I ever heard about," exclaimed the old man. "I heard the shootin', an' I didn't know what it was about, but if mur thar hadn't hil me I woulder jined in. Wall, blast my stupid shin, I never knowed that thar was a 'stillery so close. I've sot here night airter night, sufferin' fur a drink, when thar was oceans o' the stuff in the neighborhood. But say, Cap'n, we kaint stay here no longer. Them fellers what got away will think that I was the cause o' ther downfall."

"You can pack up and go to town with us."

Lentie clapped her hands. The old lady who had thrown down her knitting made a movement toward me, then sat down, took up her knitting and rattled the needles. Lentie placed her hand in mine. I kissed her.

"Wall," said the old man. The old lady rattled her needles. "She's yourn, I reckon," said the old man. "Thought so from the fust. Mother, we'd better see about packin' up. Stir your stumps, for you're goin' to be a town lady in your ole age."—*Opie P. Read, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Lucy Stone regretfully admits that, while women do most of the amateur playing on pianos, they compose scarcely any of the music.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Twenty medical practitioners have died in Naples out of 139 engaged in attending cholera patients under the White Cross Society during the recent epidemic.

—The wife of Lieutenant Greely excites the envying admiration of her friends by displaying on her parlor floor a large rug of seal fur, a relic of her husband's Arctic life.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Girl grape-pickers in the California vineyards are tempting Providence by putting their names and addresses in the boxes which are shipped East. Their idea is doubtless to catch a husband.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Women in Paraguay have exactly the same rights as men. They farm, manufacture, buy, sell, and, in fact, do all the work. Paraguay has a population of 300,000, of which 270,000 are women and 30,000 are men.

—The Portland *Oregonian* says: "The vote of Washington Territory was about 42,000, of which number the women contributed perhaps one-third. It was found a mistake to say that women would not vote. Very few omitted to do so."

—In the year 1734 theatrical managers were arbitrary. A theatrical placard contained the decree: "We hereby command for the comfort of the public that persons occupying the first row of seats have to lie down, the second to kneel, the third to sit and the fourth to stand." More advice said: "The public is forbidden to laugh, because the play is a tragedy."

—Colonization schemes [illegible]pping out. As during the last [illegible] depression, so during th[illegible] large numbers be driven [illegible]om manufacturing centers. A New Jersey company has purchased 4,600 acres of land in Florida, and saw-mills are being erected. The best machinery is being contracted for. Laborers are wanted who can put in a few hundred dollars. —*N. Y. Sun.*

—Probably the largest real estate transaction ever brought about by a club was the purchase of their grounds by the Boston Baseball Club, at a cost of over $100,000. They were obliged to either purchase or allow the grounds to be sold at auction in lots. It is generally considered to have been an excellent investment. The Boston and Providence Railroad desired to secure a portion of the property for turn-outs, etc., but were unsuccessful.

—Extermination of the wolf not is considered possible on the continent of Europe. Many neighborhoods have been cleared at one time or another, but after some years of quiet it is found that the wolves have gathered from all quarters. There is, in fact, a steady migration of the brute from Siberia upon Europe. Asiatic species are constantly identified in the Vosges and in the Pyrenees. The eradication of this plague must be begun in China.

—Last week Dr. Johnson, who was stopping in Vienna with a drove of mules, had a pistol stolen from his room at the hotel, and the evidence against the colored porter as being the thief was so strong that he was forced to acknowledge his guilt. He was given the choice of standing trial or taking a hundred lashes on his bared back, put on with a drover's whip. He preferred the whip and got it. The doctor being a non-resident of Dooly he did not believe in imposing upon her people the expense of a trial.—*Dooly (Ga.) Vindicator.*

—The new Schuylkill Valley Railroad in Pennsylvania is remarkable for the number and costliness of its bridges. Besides thirteen large iron structures it has many others which span small streams and ravines. The largest bridge, that at Manayunk, is 1,409 feet in length, has five spans with plate girders and stands eighty-five feet above the level of the water. The bridge over the Union canal at Reading is 700 feet in length, with a through truss. In addition to the expense of the various bridges is that of the tunnel near Phœnixville, which, with its approaches, was formed out of the solid rock. The tunnel is 800 feet long by 27 feet wide.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

A LITTLE SKULL OF GOLD.

A Marvelous Scarf-Pin in the Possession of a New York Prestidigitator.

A harmless yet ghastly scarf-pin is a mechanical skull of enameled gold, with a moveable under jaw, and diamonds set back in its hollow sockets for eyes. A noted sleight-of-hand man wore one on a recent visit to the City Hall. The little ornament was a marvel of the jeweler's art. It was enameled in perfect imitation of a bleached human skull, and a bright-colored gold jockey cap fixed to the top of it added to its ghastliness. A reporter had his eyes upon the skull while the professor was talking to an alderman, when suddenly the under jaw of the skull began to rattle and the diamonds in the eye sockets rolled and flashed. The chattering of the jaws could be plainly heard ten feet away, and was calculated to draw attention. The alderman and the reporter observed the chattering about the same instant. It has a fascinating and awe-inspiring effect upon the city father, who stood spell-bound for an instant and then acted as though he doubted his vision. The chattering and eye-rolling would stop for a moment, as though the skull was tired by the exertion of rattling its tiny teeth together, only to be renewed the next moment with more vigor. Finally the reporter's professional instinct got the better of him, and he besought the professor to tell him all about the arrangement. The latter complied, with a hearty laugh over the effect of his little joke.

"In the first place," said he, "the skull is worked by a current of electricity generated by a little battery which I carry in my pocket, and transmitted over wires no heavier than strands of thread."

He illustrated the work[illegible] the ornament by pressing up[illegible] which completed the electr[illegible]uit and caused the teeth to rattle.

"It was made in Paris," resumed Mr. Schultz, "and is worth $100; at least that is what its duplicate will cost any person who wants one. Yes; the price is rather steep, but you must consider that the ornament has to be very carefully and nicely adjusted, and that it is made of platinum and the best of gold; besides, the diamonds alone are of some value. No; no cheap counterfeits have yet been made. The highest-priced one I ever saw was marked at $65."

Laughing over recollections of some of the sport he had had with the pin, the prestidigitator resumed: "I frightened a darky almost to death with it yesterday. The man was so much frightened that his knees knocked together and his nostrils expanded, just as I have seen those of a horse in alarm. I had to take the pin to pieces and explain all its details to completely overcome his fright. But this thing is nothing to a trick skull I have in my professional collection. In exhibiting it I call it the mesmerized skull. It is a mystifying delusion, which always causes a sensation and can not be detected. The skull is a genuine one. I first place it upon a sheet of ordinary window glass laid across the tops of the backs of two ordinary chairs arranged a few feet apart to show that no electrical wires are attached to it. Then I pass the skull around for inspection. When replaced on the glass shelf the skull will answer questions by nods or side movements, smoke a cigar or whistle at the word of command.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

TABLE POULTRY.

The Best Methods of Fattening It and Preparing It for the Market.

In nearly every poultry yard, at the present season of the year, there are surplus birds to be got rid of, which probably cannot be sold at remunerative prices. This is more especially the case with those who do not go into poultry keeping as a business, and have not the necessary arrangements for the disposal of such birds, or, it may be, the numbers they have for sale are not worth taking much trouble over. But whether the surplus birds are few or many, it is important to know how best they can be prepared for the table, either if intended for use at home or for sale. I have heard it said by some poultry keepers that they prefer to pick a bird up out of the farmyard, and kill it without any preparatory feeding, contending that such a one has more flavor than another artificially fed, arguing from the fact that wild birds and rabbits are far better than those bred in confinement. This last statement is true, and I am not at all enamored of hutch-bred rabbits, and more than that I will agree to, namely, that a well fed game cock, one that has no restriction of his liberty, is, so far as breast meat is concerned, much better eating than if fed up. But to the other varieties, the same thing does not apply, and they are much better for the fattening process. If taken out of the yard and killed without any other preparation, they are generally scraggy, for by exercise the flesh is kept down. But if these same birds are put up for a fortnight or three weeks, there will be a great increase of meat, and something to cut at and eat when on the table. Even should the flesh be not quite so pronounced in flavor, which I am not prepared to admit, the gain in respect to quality more than compensates. As well advocate that store cattle be sent to the butcher, as that unfattened poultry be killed. Both are equally absurd.

Many methods of fattening poultry may be adopted. The simplest is to put the birds selected for killing into a small run by themselves, and feed them on such food as rice, maize and oat meal. This is not a very rapid method, but it has the decided advantage that the fattening may be more prolonged, and consequently the killing can take place at wider intervals. For this reason it is the best plan for those who only wish to supply their own tables. The better system to adopt where the birds have to be more rapidly brought forward, is to have some cages in a warm room. For this purpose coops, hatching boxes or wire runs can all be turned temporarily into fattening pens. They should not be too large, and if the room in which they are kept is a little dark, all the better, so long as that does not mean that it is badly ventilated. The object is to keep the birds as quiet as possible, and to prevent the elimination of the food consumed, by exercise.

The warm room is highly beneficial, and if the temperature can be maintained at from sixty to sixty-five degrees, it will be found that the birds will fatten more rapidly. Every degree below sixty means an exhaustion of heat from the body, and a consequent prolongation of the process.

Food is an important element in the process. It should be of such a nature as to produce flesh and fat only, and for this purpose the foods mentioned above are perhaps the best, though we may add buckwheat meal to the list, as that is almost entirely used in France for fattening. To maize, there is one objection, namely, that it has a tendency to make the flesh yellow. Of course, the white variety does not do this, but in England there is very little of it to be obtained. To whatever meal is given (for it should be meal, not grain), there should be added a little fat or suet, and if these are then mixed with skim milk instead of water it will be all the better. The birds should be fed four or five times a day, and should have what food is left taken away as soon as their hunger is appeased. They may be crammed by finger pieces of the food if that plan is preferred, but this is scarcely necessary, unless the crops of the birds are found to be empty. Should any of the birds appear to lose their appetites, food should be withheld from them for a day, when they will generally be all right again, and eager for their supply. This only refers, however, to the earlier stages of the process, for, if prolonged more than three or four weeks, they begin to sicken, and lose weight instead of gaining it. Therefore, they should be killed as soon as the fattening is thought to be complete, or on the first sign of sickness. The fattening of fowls is so thoroughly artificial that nature revolts at it very soon. But this same result is found in all branches of animal and vegetable life where forcing is adopted.

No food should be given to a bird for twelve hours before it is killed, in order that the crop and stomach may be emptied as far as possible. This prevents tainting of the flesh, so often caused by decayed food. One of the best methods I know is to hang the bird by the legs and then thrust a pointed knife into the roof of the mouth, rather in the direction of the back than the top of the skull. This is in order to reach the brain, as then death ensues very speedily, and with very little pain to the victim. The bird should be allowed to hang until the blood has ceased to flow, and then be plucked immediately, for, it is scarcely necessary to say, it is much easier to pluck a newly killed fowl than one which has been dead for some time. The former is warm, the latter is cold. In all cases where fowls are killed to be sent to market, they should be plucked by the farmer, and the feathers obtained will more than repay the labor of plucking, though that be not the object of doing this work.

The question of dressing for market is one which I should like to deal with in another letter, for there is too much in it to be disposed of in a short paragraph. But meanwhile one or two hints on packing up the fowls may be given. Many poulterers prefer to kill the fowls as their trade demands, and in such cases the producers have nothing to do with either killing or dressing. This is not the most satisfactory way, but it is a common one in England. Where poultererers do buy them dead, much depends upon the way in which they are packed. I have often seen packages of dead fowls opened, into which the contents had been put carelessly, with the result that they were all jumbled up, damaged here and there, and the appearance spoiled. It is not to be wondered in such cases that the return is a poor one. Either hampers or boxes should be used, and the greatest care ought to be taken that they are sweet and clean. I prefer hampers, but they cannot be cleaned so easily as can boxes, and for that reason the latter must be pronounced safest to use. The inside of box or basket ought first to be lined throughout with a damp but perfectly clean cloth; if there is to be more than one row therein, similar cloths should be laid between each layer, with one on top before the lid is fastened down. But the next great thing is to pack the birds firmly, so that they will not move. This can easily be done without the slightest danger of damage to them, and the packing will maintain their shape and rigidity.—*Stephen Beale, in Country Gentleman.*

—Fashionable ladies who get themselves talked about by doing eccentric things are no longer said to be crazy. Their trouble is boldly asserted to be malaria.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

CALENDAR.

1885.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednes.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
Jan.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Feb.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
Mar.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
Apr.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
May.						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
June		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				

1885.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednes.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
July.				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Aug.							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
Sep.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
Oct.					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
Nov.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
Dec.			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—On heavy soils abounding in vegetable matter salt is beneficial to crops, but it is by enabling them to exhaust the soil more rapidly.

—It is said that lard is the worst sort of lubricator for the axles of wagons or carriages. It penetrates the hub and loosens the spokes.

—If you fear that preserves of any kind are liable to ferment, they should be heated to the boiling point and thoroughly scalded, to be safe for the winter. The same is true of soup stock. —*Boston Globe.*

—Cold meat hash: An onion chopped fine is browned in butter or fat; add a spoonful of flour; when this is quite brown add a tablespoonful of hot water; then the well-seasoned meat, the yelk of an egg and the juice and grated rind of half a lemon; brown lightly and serve.—*The Caterer.*

—Potato and corn fields, where water is liable to stand during the winter, should have furrows run through them to take surface water off. It will greatly help the spring work in fitting such fields for seeding to have this job done in the fall. It will also be much better for the succeeding crop.—*Chicago Times.*

—There are certain uses for fallen leaves gathered as bedding for stock in winter in localities where little grain is grown and straw is scarce. Their value as manure, however is not sufficient to warrant much labor in gathering them for that purpose alone. They make a good absorbent, but not better, if as good, as straw, especially if the latter is cut and only the leavings after feeding used as bedding.—*Exchange.*

—Many each year wish to change their cider to vinegar as quickly as possible. This change is effected by the oxygen of the atmosphere getting up a fermentation. If a little cider is drawn every day and turned again into the barrel it will carry more or less oxygen with it. A little old vinegar turned in the cider barrel will hasten the change even more than cider will.—*N. E. Farmer.*

—Beef Pudding: Chop fine some nice tender cold beef and arrange a thick layer of it over a layer of best Italian macaroni, which has previously been boiled for twenty minutes in salted water. Have ready some fresh or canned tomato which has been thoroughly stewed with butter, a bit of onion, a sprig of parsley and a clove or two. Pour this tomato over the beef, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bits of butter and bake in oven till brown.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—More cows and calves and less wheat is what will make the farmer more money with less work. This idea is fast being adopted by many Kansas farmers, particularly those in the western part of the State, and it is a noticeable fact that the Western Kansas farmers acquire an independence in fewer years than in any State in the Union. They owe it to the old cow, and realizing that fact they will sell anything on the place sooner than the cows.—*Globe Live-Stock Journal.*

—The fact is often noted by farmers that crops on timothy sod do not start so quickly and, unless manured heavily, will not yield nearly so well as after clover. There are several reasons for this. The clover root furnish a greater amount and more nitrogenous fertilizing material than do timothy roots. The clover roots penetrate the subsoil, bringing up mineral fertility while the range of timothy roots is mostly near the surface. As a consequence, land where timothy grass has grown for several years has had much of its surface fertility exhausted, and the stratum beneath is cold and inert. If a timothy sod is to be cropped next season, fall plowing is advisable, so as to allow frost to mellow the soil somewhat as clover roots would do.—*Prairie Farmer.*

FROST BITES.

How to Guard Against the Pain and Discomfort Caused by Freezing the Flesh.

Much of the pain and discomfort that follow the freezing of any part of the body, might be avoided if those who are exposed to intense cold would recollect that the accident is not usually discovered before the mischief is done. The effect of cold is to destroy the sensibility of the exposed parts, and the discovery that a part is frozen, is usually made by another, who sees the change in color, and the waxen appearance peculiar to frozen flesh. The ears being so thin, and exposed on both sides, are usually the first to suffer. Bending the ears against the head, so that they may derive warmth from the contact, is a better precaution in very cold weather, than ear muffs. The nose and cheeks are also liable to suffer, especially if one is driving. Even when there is no wind, the motion of the sleigh or other vehicle produces the same effect. Whatever part may be frozen, all circulation has ceased; the treatment should be such as will restore this as gradually as possible. The unfortunate person ought never to be taken into a warm room, but the frozen part should be thawed in the cold by the application of snow, or in its absence, of ice powdered fine, and by bathing with ice-cold water. After the parts are thawed, and the circulation restored, they remain very sensitive to sudden changes of temperature, and that painful affliction known as chilblains follows. For this a great variety of remedies are proposed. Each physician has his favorite "cure," and each family its "best remedy in the world." Among the popular applications is kerosene, used as a liniment. Solutions of sal ammoniac, sulphate of zinc, and sub-acetate of lead, are among the remedies in common use. If very severe, take the advice of a physician.—*American Agriculturist.*

Where We Get Our Mustard.

The English word mustard is said to have originated in the French phrase, moult me arde—I wish ardently—which was the motto of the Duke of Burgundy. In regard for the assistance rendered to him by 1,000 men obtained from Dijon, he permitted his armorial bearings to be placed above the principal gates of the town. In time the middle word of the motto became effaced, and the other two were printed on the labels which the merchants pa[illegible] pots containing this condiment [illegible] sent all over the world.—*N. Y. Truth.*

The Funniest Thing on Record.

During an excursion from Pittsburgh, while at Cleveland the Kennard House was crowded, when a druggist appeared late at night at the hotel office and demanded a bed. The clerk replied that there were only two vacant beds in the house, one wherein was quartered a Pittsburgh morning newspaper man and the other a Pittsburgh evening newspaper man, who were with the excursion.

"To tell the truth, they are both pretty drunk; so you may take your choice as to which room you will sleep in."

The druggist said he would take his chances with the evening newspaper man, and he would doubtless be so drunk that he would lie quiet all night. He went to bed and was soon sound asleep. The journalist, however, awakened about 12 o'clock, and, thinking it a long time between drinks, dressed himself, unconsciously, in the druggist's clothes and sallied out. Ever and anon he muttered as he treated all present:

"Funniest thing I ever heard of. When I went to bed last night I only had twenty-five cents to my name, and now I've got over $100 (showing a corpulent roll of bills), and I'm bound to spend every cent of it before morning." He did.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A London journal seldom takes notice of any current local event, unless in some way it is related to the general interests of the community or to the larger interests of the nation or the world, and under no circumstances does a reputable London or provincial paper refer to individuals, unless they are [illegible] some wise in public life. The personal, domestic, and business affairs of the individual are never traversed or discussed in the daily press, and even the society journals of England make reference in their columns to individuals only when they are either distinguished or notorious.

—There are at present sixteen locomotive works in the United States, says the Boston *Advertiser,* besides the shops owned by the railroad companies. Five men can turn out an engine in a year.

—The large discoveries of diamonds of late years have reduced the price of these precious stones from thirty to forty per cent.—*Chicago Times*

The latest thing in stockings is the hired girl on Sunday nights.—*Chicago Herald.*

"O but Jack Briggs has got a swelled head," remarked Jim to his sister Mildred. "James, dear," replied the High School girl, "please say 'an abnormal craniological development,' not 'swelled head.'"—*Oil City Derrick.*

The latest thing in raps—Spanking the baby before putting it to bed.

The foot notes of any good medical work ought to contain cures for corns.

"Did yez iver see sich ignorance?" exclaimed Biddy, putting her finger into the goldfish globe; "the water's cowld as a shtone. Oi wonder if missus expects they will iver cook? Faith, I'll fill it from the tay-kittle mesilf."—*Detroit Post.*

There is a woman in Connecticut who wears a No. 9 shoe. When she sets her foot down, her husband walks around it and says: "Yessum; I will."—*N. Y. Journal.*

Don't fret if you can not get into society. The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in his bed.—*Boston Courier.*

In a New York Bowery clothing shop is a card announcing: "Perfectly-fitting garments. Every article sets as nice as a hen."—*N. Y. Mail.*

An exchange advises an inquirer as follows: "Don't buy a coach in order to please your wife, it is much cheaper to make her a little sulky."

Some one has written a work on "How to Grow Old." It strikes us that the best way to grow old is not to die young.—*Norristown Herald.*

A man's curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him his name was in yesterday's paper.

An Irishman tells us of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, "and that belonged to the teakettle."—*Golden Days.*

The statement of Dr. Samuel K. Cox, Practical and Analytical Chemist, Washington, D. C., reads: "Red Star Cough Cure is entirely free from all opiates, poisons and emetics. It is an original combination of the best remedial agents, and is as harmless as it is effective."

A man had an attack of epilepsy in a tailor's shop, whereupon the rival tailor opposite remarked that "'twas the first fit they had ever had there."

Another Life Saved.

About two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.

A patient said of his doctor: "He gave me so much medicine that I was sick a long time after I got well."

Wrecked Health.

Victims of youthful indiscretions suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three letter stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A pretty young lady's face is like a town clock because you generally glance at it while passing.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."
—*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often in body,
"'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis a pity.
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the best restorative tonic for physical frailty in women, or female weaknesses or derangements. By druggists. Price reduced to one dollar.

In a great will case on trial in New York last summer 169 exceptions were taken. But this was an exceptional case.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

No Safer Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes. 25cts.

Odd as it seems, when a dealer weighs a fish he always counts in the scales.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c. *Glenn's Sulphur Soap* heals and beautifies. 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns & Bunions.

"Don't cry over spilt milk," or you'll be fined for adulterating the article.

PERSIAN Magic Charm Fascinates obstinate lovers. Wards off sickness and contagion. Exhales a delightful odor. Is simply wonderful. Send 25c for sample. Sells at sight. Agents Wanted. JAPANESE SPECIALTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES GONE CRAZY Over Silks for patchwork. Send $1 and get $5 worth; $2 worth for 50c; $1 worth for 25c. Pieces from Neckwear and silk factory—375 kinds and colors. LAKE M'F'G CO., Chicago, Ill.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

[1] THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, And All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons. A PRO[illegible] SAFE, SURE C[illegible] For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to* THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Owners and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Home Items and Topics.

—"All your own fault.
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be made almost new by using hop bitters.

☞ My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth!!!

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Oswego Sun.*

☞ Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness."

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!!!

—"At the change of life nothing equals Hop Bitters to allay all troubles incident Thereto."

—"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly, and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters."

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children, will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels, can not exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely * * * use of hop
Bitters will keep a whole family
In robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

For Choirs, Conventions,
Singing Classes and the
Higher Schools,

No better Books have appeared for years than the following:

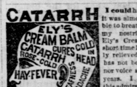
Choral Worship. L. O. Emerson. A grand, full size Church Music Book of 320 pages. 100 pages Elements, with a capital collection of Sacred and Secular Music. 75 pages of the best Hymn Tunes. 110 pages of Anthems, and 30 pages of miscellaneous Concert Music. $1. Per dozen, $9.

The Model Singer. W. O. Perkins and D. B. Towner. A book for Singing Classes. 192 pages. 124 Graded Exercises, 57 Glees and Part Songs, 29 Hymn Tunes, 18 Anthems, and 4 Chants. Abundant and useful material for the Singing School Teacher. 60 cts. Per doz., $6.

Song Greeting. L. O. Emerson. A new and extra fine song book for the "higher schools," meaning by that, Colleges, Technological and other special schools, Academies, Institutes, Seminaries, High and Normal Schools. 160 large octavo pages. 82 harmonized songs of the highest order, both in words and music, classical in beauty and interesting to every one. Also exercises and solfeggios for voice culture. 60 cts. Per dozen, $6.

Any book mailed for the retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 867 Broadway, New York

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

I could hardly speak; it was almost impossible to breathe through my nostrils. Using Ely's Cream Balm a short time I was entirely relieved. My head has not been so clear nor voice so strong in years. I recommend this admirable remedy to all afflicted with catarrh or colds in the head. J. O. Tichenor, Merchant, Elizabeth, N. J.

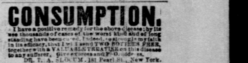
Cream Balm is a remedy based upon a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cts. at druggists; 60 cts. by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cts. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

WANTED RELIABLE SALESMEN

To introduce and sell the trade the well-known and celebrated C[illegible] the NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR COMPANY [illegible] Liberal arrangements. Salary or Commission paid to the right man. For further particulars and terms address, at once. THE NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR CO., 57 Broadway, New York.

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.



DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR Forces luxuriant Mustache, Whiskers, or hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days. No injury. Easily used. Beats the world. 2 or 3 Pkgs does the work. Will prove it or forfeit $100.00. L. A. L. SMITH & CO., Agents, Palatine, Ill.

PATENTS Hand-Book FREE. R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

LADIES Wishing LACES cheaper than ever Send stamps for Illustrated Circulars to C. J. DYE, Buffalo, N. Y.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD, Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

SOLDIERS NEW LAWS; Officers' pay from commissions; Deserters relieved; Pensions and increase; experience 19 years; success or no fee. Write for circulars and laws. A. W. McCORMICK & SON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND and TYPE-WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

CANCER Treated and cured without the knife. Book on treatment sent free. Address F. L. POND, M.D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

A.N.K.—E. 1013

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Dr. C. H. Hubbard and wife, left this week for a winters sojourn in the city of Mexico.

Mince Meat, &c.

If you want some nice Cranberry Sauce, and Mince Meat, go to
J. W. ROGERS.

—The Paducah Planing Mill was destroyed by fire, Friday last. Loss $25,000. Insured for $14,000.

—Note Plaut's Removal.

—Dr. H. C. Buck and A. T. Wilson, have a hub factory at Harris Station, Tenn., and will soon add machinery necessary to run a hoop factory.

☞At Plaut Bros & Co's, you can find Burlingame, the Watchmaker. His work has proven his reliability.

—Mr. R. B. Brevard, hardware merchant, will move his store into the Robinson block, late occupied by Holcombe's drug store, probably next week.

Nice line of Rodger's Bro. Genuine Tripple Plated SILVER WARE, warranted.

2t. J. W. CORMAN, & CO.

—The thermometer marked two degrees below zero yesterday at 7 A. M., and six below on Friday the 9th, the latter being the coldest [illegible] in Hickman this winter.

BURLINGAME, the Watchmaker, has removed to Plaut Bros. & Co's

—President Arthur has been compelled to reconsider his determination to visit the New Orleans Exposition during February. He hopes, however, to attend the Exposition as a private citizen after the expiration of his official term.

Notice!

All persons indebted to us will confer a favor by coming forward and settling accounts at once.

ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.
Jan. 9, 1885.

—The public roads are in a very bad condition to travel, being frozen on the surface and so muddy in some places, that it is with difficulty the horse plods his way.

PURE country made APPLE VINEGAR at Cowgill's Drug Store.

—For the last few days we have had several lively discussions on different subjects, and all of the participants remained in good humor. It is differences of opinion which produces thought. That is right boys, stand by your convictions.

—Hugh M. Saunders, wife and mother, arrived this morning. They have come to remain. We welcome them into our midst, and hope that their sojourn with us may be pleasant and profitable.—[Princeton Argus.

—Note one fact, hard times or good times, that the regular and live advertisers in the Hickman COURIER, always flourish like the green bay tree. This is an unanswerable argument, and a constant invitation to others, come and do likewise.

—Dresden, Tenn., has petitioned the Legislature to repeal all laws now in existence incorporating said town. They wish to be brought in under what is known as the "Four-Mile-Law," so as to prohibit the sale of liquors within one mile of the city.

—Mr Holly Turner, having sold the Laclede Hotel to Mr. Neff, of Kansas City, Mo., left Thursday morning for Paducah, which place he will make his future home. Mr. Neff has taken charge of the Laclede, and it is said has considerably improved that already popular establishment.

—Mr. C. A. Holcombe has moved into his new brick—the old Holcombe corner, and has decidedly the neatest and nicest arranged drug store in Western Kentucky. He looks "at home again" in his new corner, and being an expert and thoroughly qualified druggist, a bright business is in future for him.

—We regret to say that Mr. John Odom, who has been engaged here for some time in business, was compelled to make an assignment last week for the benefit of his creditors. We understand that the settlement will be made through Messrs. Swiggert and Moor, and that the assets will nearly cover the liabilities.—Union City Anchor.

—The report is current that the small-pox is raging in Cairo, from 20 to 30 deaths having occurred there from this loathsome disease. It is said that during the very cold weather that the bed clothing was taken from the pest house as a charity for some poor persons, and thus the disease spread. A very mistaken charity we should think.

—Another frightful asylum catastrope is reported this time at the Eastern Illinois Hospital for the insane, at Kankakee. The asylum was totally destroyed, and the misery of the unfortunate inmates is pitiful to read of. Seventeen helpless lunatics were burned alive. The loss of life was attributable to a criminal lack of facilities, and the Legislature is bitterly denounced because of it.

—The World's Exposition at New Orleans is in a bad way. The U. S. Government loaned them one million dollars, and before the show is well under way all the money has been spent, and the concern $200,000 in debt. The employes threaten to strike, and a placard has been posted threatening to burn the Exposition buildings unless they are paid. The U. S. Commissioners demanded a showing of what had been done with the money.

The New York Sun very pertinently and justly remarks that the business troubles of the country began long before the election of a Democratic President, and when there was every prospect of a continuation of the Republican power. They originated in causes with which political parties have nothing to do, and they will terminate without regard to political influence.

—Industrial schools for girls are growing more popular and general. Heretofore, they have been confined to the cities, and for the most part a kind of charity movement, but now they are gradually extending out to small towns and the country. In these schools little girls are learned to cut and make garments by competent teachers a most useful and absolute necessity to the education of nine-tenths of the women of this country. The usual plea is that "mothers will learn them," but mothers as a rule are no more competent to this work, thoroughly, than to manage their literary education without a teacher. Here's a field for some good, live, energetic, progressive educated lady.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle at Moore & Landrum's Drug Store.

—Our reporter called at the court house yesterday in quest of news and obtained the following highly sensational item, and if it causes anything like the excitement in our reader's minds that it was creating in court circles, we shall not regret its publication. It was as follows: "Dick Tyler and T. R. McMahan have locked horns over a game of drafts. Umpires, Judge R. S. Murrell and Sheriff W. A, Shuck; W. P. Taylor, manager and fireman; and A. C. Holmes, musical director." When officers and lawyers are thus at bay, the people may continue to smile and be happy.

A Great Discovery.

Mr. Wm. Thomas, of Newton, Ia., says: "My wife has been seriously affected with a cough for twenty-five years, and this spring more severely than ever before. She had used many remedies without relief, and being urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery, did so, with most gratifying results. The first bottle relieved her very much, and the second bottle has absolutely cured her. She has not had so good health for thirty years."

☞Trial Bottles Free at Moore & Landrum's Drug Store. Large Size $1.00.

—The Louisville Commercial says, "the creamery has come to Kentucky to stay," and instances successful enterprises of this kind at Standford, Shelbyville, Labanon and Georgetown. A practical creamery man, speaking of this section says, "they cannot be run successfully in localities where milk and cream command high prices. In this county the demand for milk and cream is larger than the supply. There are many farmers, however, who get more milk than they use, and have more cows than they milk, a creamery establishment would be profitable to such.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale at MOORE & LANDRUMS.

—On Tuesday last elections were held for U. S. Senator, with the following results:

New York—Wm. Evarts.
Indiana—Daniel Voorhees.
Arkansas—Election yet in progress.
Missouri—Geo. Vest.
Colorado—Sec'y. Teller.
Pennsylvania—Don Cameron.
N. Carolina—Z. B. Vance.
California—Liland Standford.
Florida—Wilkinson Call.
Connecticut—O. H. Pratt.

—Mr. Alex. N. Taylor, editor of the Fulton Fultonian, was married, Wednesday the 21st instant, to Miss Laura J. Craig, the accomplished daughter of that veteran Democrat, J. H. Craig, of this county. We might write several columns of good wishes for the happy young couple, and then not express the boundless prosperity and happiness we really wish them. May all the blessings of life be theirs.

—We suppose it is a settled fact in Madisonville now, that Colonel Zeno Young will be their next postmaster. He is thrice deserving of such preferment, and would, without question, fill the bill to perfection. He is a Democrat in the full acceptation of the term, has paid something for preaching what was in him, and we take it, the office should be given to him as long as he sees fit to hold it.—[Henderson News.

—All apprehension of any present overflow is about passed. The river was rising at Hickman yesterday, but every indication is favorable for a fall on or about Saturday. All the upper rivers are falling, and the weather clear, sharp and cold everywhere. The break-up of this cold spell may, and doubtless will, bring another flood, but that is too far ahead to make any intelligent prediction about.

—Hickman corn buyers are paying 41c for sacked and shelled delivered at Hickman, and 35c in the ear. New Orleans quotations stand at 49c for yellow, and 50c for white, which leaves Hickman market at 41c, about 5 to 6 cents better than New Orleans.

ITCH, Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in 30 minutes by WOOLFORD'S SANITARY LOTION. Use no other. This never fails.
Sold by, J. W. COWGILL,
Druggist, Hickman, Ky.

LOWER and LOWER.

All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c. as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WESTING.

In the Light.

J. W. Rogers hopes his friends can see better than ever. That he will furnish groceries at the lowest prices delivered.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

Pleasing Compliments From the Press.

Mr. George Warren, editor of the Hickman COURIER, has been favorably mentioned as Senator in the Legislature in place of Mr. Vaughn, recently deceased. Every paper in his district handsomely endorses his candidature. We need such men as Mr. Warren in our Legislature—men of business and of brains. Did we send more such men to Frankfort our State would be in a better condition financially It is a sad fact that a considerable majority of our average legislators can neither draft a bill nor comprehend its significance and effect after it is drafted.—Russelville Herald Enterprise.

The above comes from our able contemporary, the Hickman Courier, of which its editor, Geo. Warren, has been mentioned by the press of this district as a suitable man to fill the unexpired term in the Upper House of the General Assembly of Kentucky. While the unexpired time is quite short, and the remuneration very little, we cannot see how Mr. Warren, who is a consistent Democrat, can refuse to serve the people when called upon. He is so well known and has such a large circle of friends that a heated canvass would hardly be necessary. However, Mr. Warren does not say that he would not accept the position, and we don't believe he will decline to make the race. He can have the unexpired term if he likes and a second one also, without a great struggle.—[Fultonian.

Editor Warren, of the Hickman Courier, in response to the expression in several papers, intimates that if the people of his senatorial district want him as their State Senator, "Barkis is willin." We think they could not find a more worthy man and certainly not a better qualified one.—[Standard.

The Monitor of last week had an article favoring Mr, George Warren, of Hickman, for State Senator to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Vaughan, deceased. There is no one in the district better qualified for the place than Mr. Warren, and if he wants it, there is no one whom we would rather see have it.—[Mayfield Democrat.

A Card.

The published proceedings of the City Council says that, "T. V. Wallace having failed to qualify and signified his intention not to qualify as City Marshal, on motion the office was declared vacant, &c." This is all proper and sufficient, no doubt, so far as the official declaration of the Council is concerned, but feeling grateful to the public for having elected me City Marshal, I personally desire that public to know why I failed to qualify. I was elected City Marshal in August last, and in the meantime was appointed to the office of jailer, and finding that the law was positive in holding the two offices incompatible, I was compelled to decline one or the other, and chose to accept that of jailer. With thanks and gratitude to those who elected me Marshal, and to all others, I simply say I shall try and make them as good a jailer as I know how. T. V. WALLACE.

Away from Home and Friends.

From Clinton Democrat.]

A peripatetic individual named D. T. Thompson died on Mr. Dick Griffey's place last Thursday. Mr. Griffey found him in a dying condition in an old log hut near the M. & O. R. R., and had him moved into a more comfortable position and afforded him every assistance possible, but to no purpose. Papers on the person of the dead man disclosed his name, and the further intelligence that he had two children with a man named Hockaday, at Humboldt, Tenn.; one with a man named Albritton, at Cayce Station, Fulton county, and one with Rev. Geo. W. Flowers, at Columbus. Thompson was altogether impecunious and his remains were buried by the county.

ONCE AGAIN,

We would say to you, that you should not neglect the opportunity of a lifetime, by not buying something in the lines of choice goods, which we are closing at *prime cost.*

We have added Blankets, Comforts, and Cardigan Jackets to the list, which with Overcoats, Clothing, and Winter Boots and Shoes, make quite a formidable array.

It would pay you, even if you do not need any of these goods at present, to buy and lay away for future use, as you may never have an opportunity of the kind again.

Money saved, is money made, and it would prove a most profitable investment for you. Try us once.

ALEXANDER & MAXWELL.

February Predictions.

Those curious about the coming weather may note these predictions, for the month of February. They are based on scientific causes:

1st and 2nd, damp and foggy, growing more inclement and colder to the 7th.

7th to 12th, milder and more pleasant, rain, and perhaps thunder storms.

13th to 19th, seasonable weather, with increasing cold and North and Northwest winds.

19th to 31st, stormy and unsettled.

PERHAPS it is called the "upper crust" because you have to pass it to get to the real meat and strength of society.

The Kentucky Railroad Commission.

In a discussion of the Inter-State Commerce Bill by the Senate Friday last, Senator Williams of Kentucky, had the following with regard to the Kentucky Railroad Commission:

I confess that the inclinations of my own mind are in favor of a a commission. We had a commission in my own State partly through my instrumentality. The roads had all sorts of rates and extortinate charges. A commission was appointed merely with a supervisory power, and the very first year of its existence the roads all came to terms, not by any coercion, but they got together and settled their fares and freights upon such terms of equity and justice, that the people were satisfied. They reduced the maximum charges upon all the roads to three cents a mile for passenger travel, and some of them carried for much less, and upon coal and other heavy commodities the charge was reduced so as to divide traffic in grain and open coal mines through the State everywhere along the line of the roads. Now, why can not that be done? But after the first year the roads got over their scare and nothing else has been done, and the commission is not now worth a cent.

Married.

In Fulton, Wednesday evening the 21st, Mr. Alex. N. Taylor, to Miss Laura J Craig.

In the County, on the 21st, Mr. Jeff Davis to Miss Nannie S. Roper.

On the 21st, at the residence of the brides father, Mr. John Stubbs, by Rev. Mr. Heffley, Mr. G. W. Newton to Miss Mattie F. Stubbs.

Here's a trio of happy marriages, the brides and bridegrooms of the best families of Fulton county, all embarking on the sea matrimonial on the same day with the buoyant hopes of youth and love's expectations. May their every hope be realized. Let the brides ever honor and respect their husbands, and the bridegrooms ever hold themselves worthy of that respect, and all will be well. Never cease to court each others respect and affection as ardently as each do today, and happiness and prosperity will be bound to follow.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

HICKMAN, KY, Jan. 20th, 1885.

Council met. Present, Mayor Cowgill, Councilmen Beckman, French, Moore, Case, Ramage and Witting.

The minutes of the last meeting were read, approved and signed.

ACCOUNTS ALLOWED

The following accounts were presented, properly approved, and on motion, were ordered paid:

E. T. Gardner, ————	90.
French & Plummer, coal	$5 00

CITY ATTORNEY.

On motion the City Clerk was given further time in the matter of City Attorney.

BONDS PRESENTED.

R. E Millet, City Clerk, presented his official bond, with A. A. Faris as surety.

W. L. McCutchen presented his bonds as Treasurer, with L. L. Underwood and W. H Jackson, sureties.

G M. Wilburn, City Marshal, presented his bond, with E. Case and T. F. Wilburn, sureties.

On motion, said bonds were received, approved and spread upon the record; whereupon said officers were duly sworn in by Mayor Cowgill.

LETTER TO J. W. THOMAS.

On motion, ordered that Mayor Cowgill address a letter to be signed by the Council, to Maj. J. W. Thomas, of the N. C. & St. L R. R. in regard to the time and manner trains are run to and from Hickman.

PLACED UPON ASSESSORS BOOK.

On motion ordered that the Assessor place upon the Assessors book for taxation all property laid off into lots in East Hickman.

CEMETERY ROAD.

On motion, any action in regard to the Cemetery gravel road be deferred until next meeting.

FLUE INSPECTIONS.

On motion, Mayor Cowgill appointed G. M. Wilburn, City flue inspector, and he is hereby ordered to proceed immediately to perform that duty.

On motion Council adjourned.

R. E. MILLET, C. C.

No Fun in Being a Princess.

The position of the Princess of Wales is too exalted a one to permit a much social enjoyment, yet has not the splendid potentialities of reigning royalty. The Princess too, is peculiarly unostentatious, and evidently finds the magnificent loneliness of her position an actual trial. To be young and beautiful, and idolized, and yet to be shut out from most forms of social amusement, can be by no means delightful. Yet, there are, of course, very few houses, even among those of the highest nobility, to which the Princess of Wales can go as an invited guest. And, when she does go, an awful state hedges her around. She is passionately fond of dancing, yet no gentleman can ask her to dance. She it is who signals out the personage whom she desires as a partner, and, when she stands up to dance, all other dancers must sit down. After circling around the room some half a dozen times, she pauses and sits down to rest, and then the remainder of the waltzers may take a turn, but as soon as she stands up again they must stop. This solitary Grand Lama kind of performance can not be very amusing to this kindly, gentle, amiable lady. She is, I am told, a most accomplished dancer, despite her slight lameness. But, of all the recreations of her life, she most enjoys driving in the park. In her little victoria, with her *dame de compagnie* beside her, she is free to enjoy the testimonials of affection and enthusiasm that meet her everywhere, and no one that notes the gracious smile and bow wherewith she returns every salutation can doubt her delight at her own popularity.

A STATE numerously inhabited, but not on the map—the state of suspense.

THE original languages of Italy were many, the Latin dialect being spoken on the lowlands of the Tiber, and in time becoming the official language of the empire. The Germans conquered Italy and Latin ceased to be the official language; it ceased to be written, and it ceased to be taught, although it continued to be spoken. But in its best days it was more a written than a spoken language, confined chiefly to the learned, the orators and poets, and to legal documents, the common people speaking a mixed dialect called the *Romana rustica*, or country Latin, and it is from this, and not from the classic Latin, that Italian is claimed by some not well-informed writers to have been derived.

IT IS EASY

TO MAKE BIG CLAIMS in print, to say my Furniture "is the best," requires but a stroke of the pen and a little printer's ink; to back up the claim with the proof is a more difficult matter. None of my would-be rivals ever dare attempt to show in what respect their goods are "the best." "Not this evening, some other evening," is what they say when asked to give any solid reason for their claim, that they keep "the best" goods. This is a good way for people who keep inferior goods and wish to make them go by "blowing," but it is not my way.

QUALITY

is the thing that tells, and I propose to duplicate ☞*LOW PRICES*☜ with first-class Goods. This is the point and escence of this discourse, and makes horse sense instead of mere blowing about it. Perhaps you know what good *FURNITURE* is, and perhaps you don't; if you want the test give me a call and I will show you.

I am also agent for the light-running Diamond Sewing Machine, the ladies friend.

N. B.—I alo have the best stock of Undertaker's Goods, and will duplicate ☞*LOW PRICES.*☜ Customers politely served on short notice. Store across the street from Holcombe's new drug store.

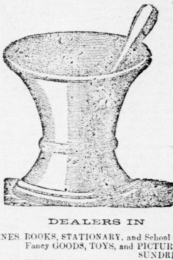
Respectfully,
E. T. GARDNER.

Moore & Landrum,

SUCCESSORS TO

T. P. FORTUNE & COMPANY.

DRUGS.



DRUGS.

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, BOOKS, STATIONARY, and School Supplies.
Fancy GOODS, TOYS, and PICTURES, DRUGGISTS SUNDRIES, PAINTS, OILS, &c.
AGENTS FOR THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE.
WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL USE.

R. L. MOORE can be found at Dr. FARIS' Office, to attend night calls at Moore & Landrum's.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.

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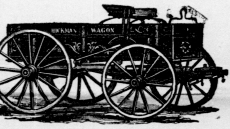
WA  ONS,

Hickman, Kentucky.

THE OLD RELIABLE

CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS AND DYE-STUFFS,

HICKMAN, KY.

☞*PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!*☜

A Hint for Men.

The conquered man, prostrate before his conquerer, and becoming himself a possession, simultaneously loses possession of whatever thing he has about him, and, therefore surrendering his weapon, he also yields up, if the victor demands it, whatever part of his dress is worth taking. Hence the nakedness, partial or complete, of the captive, becomes additional evidence of his subjugation. * * * In Abyssinia inferiors bare their bodies down to the girdle in the presence of superiors; but to equals the corner of the cloth is removed only for a time. The like occurs in Polynesia. The Tahitians uncover the body as low as the waist in the presence of the King; and in the Society Isles generally the lower ranks of people, by way of respect, strip off their upper garments in the presence of their principal chiefs. * * * Evidently uncovering the head has the same original meaning. Even in certain European usages the relation between the two has been recognized, as by Ford, who remarks that "uncloaking in Spain is equivalent to our taking off the hat." [illegible] Hence, it seems that removal of [illegible] among European people, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of unclothing himself, by which, in early times, the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE eggs when discharged from the oyster are irregular shaped objects, only visible to a well trained eye. The shell is first formed in the shape of a ridge, but gradually expands and at length envelopes the oyster. It now has a few hairs with which it swims close to the surface of the water for a few hours, until its digestive organs fully develop, when it seeks a hard substance, attaches itself to it and remains sedentary for the rest of its life. The food of the oyster consists of microscopic animal and vegetable matter. The sea water contains much of this and is drawn in the gills of the oyster by suction. The mouth always remains open.

AT the Bavarian Industrial Museum there has recently been exhibited a new kind of flooring tiles made from asphalte in a very simple way. The drawing of the intended design is first made on coarse heavy paper. Then it is covered with bits of china and glass, so as to form a mosaic. Lastly a border is made to the sheet, and liquid asphalte is poured upon it. After the whole has been covered, the paper is taken away with cold water, and the tile is finished. This flooring is said to be handsome in appearance, and to resist damp for an indefinite period.

Temperance.

We meant to have said something on the subject of temperance last week, when the matter was first brought up. But perhaps it is not too late now. Temperance is something that is destined to play an important part in the future of this country, for although it has been referred to incidentally by a great number of persons in times past, it is only lately that people have found out there was any money in it. A few years ago a man could open a saloon and wealth would pour in upon him, as the profit on a drink of whisky or beer was three hundred per cent., but a temperance lecturer could not make his salt. But now this has all changed. There is so much competition in the saloon business, and prices and taxes are figured so close that only a few saloon-keepers clear a cent at the end of the year, while temperance lecturers, especially if they have been star drunkards sometime, can rake in their two hundred dollars a night and lay up half of it against a day of sickness or trouble or a relapse. It will be seen, therefore, that temperance has made rapid strides during the past few years, and its future is bright with promise. Another thing is, that as long as there was a sort of stigma resting on the profession of whisky-selling, and men who dealt out the "liquid damnation to poison their fellow men," drinking was popular and a great many drank because it was cunning, and they felt they were doing a cute thing to break the law. But now that liquor selling has become open, and sanctioned by the law, and liquor sellers are elected to office and considered as good as anybody, people do not care so much about drinking There is no longer any fun in it, and it has fallen into disfavor, or rather into disuse, and has become unpopular. On the other hand temperance has come up from almost nothing, and is now the best business a man can go into, and a field is thus opened for the industrious youth of our land to gain a start in life when all other avenues to fortune seemed closed. All that is needed is for law to make it illegal to talk temperance and give liquor sellers the freest range, and there would be such a wave of temperance sweep over this country as would make saloon-keepers look sick. The law has too long been on the side of whisky-selling, and it is time it was changed and the temperance people given a chance.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

AMERICAN journalism is rich in names. For instance, there is the Fairplay (Colorado) *Flume*; the Dakota *Blizzard*, the *Solid Muldoon*, of Ouray, Colorado; the *Tombstone Epitaph*, of Nevada; the *Jimplecute*, of Texas, and the *Bazoo*, of Missouri.

GREAT
CLOSING OUT SALE.

Balance of our heavy Winter Goods, previous to Stock taking. We are determined to reduce our

Heavy Winter Goods

therefore we must sell cheaper than any other house in the city. Because we have the largest Stock and can afford to sacrifice what we do not wish to carry over. A full line of winter Goods, fresh and new at a sacrifice. Come and see for yourself and supply your wants while opportunity favors you.

PLAUT BROS. & CO.,
IN NEW BRICK ON CORNER PLANTER'S HOTEL LOT.

Who Made the Low Prices?

—XOX—

Furniture!

WE announce to our friends and the public generally, that we have just received an immense stock of all kinds of Furniture, and solicit the trade of parties wishing to buy. We can show all styles of Furniture in plain and fancy. Also, a fine line of

Undertaker's Goods.

We propose to make our prices to suit the spirit of the times. You can rest assured you need never leave our house to look for *cheaper* goods. We propose to sell as *low* as any retail Furniture store in the "Purchase.

Very respectfully,
T. F. WILBURN & CO.

☞Store rooms in new Odd Fellows building.
☞All kinds of Repairing done on short notice, and in a workmanship style. Also we are prepared to give special inducements as

Contractors and Builders of Houses.

BARGAINS.

Our Stock is complete in all lines, and we will sell very low an Goods bought of us.

DRY GOODS, SHOES,
BOOTS, CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, CARPETS
AND OIL CLOTHS
WINDOW CURTAINS
AND WINDOW SHADES,
GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE,
GLASSWARE, DOORS, SASH
BLINDS, OIL PAINTS &c

We respectfully invite all to call and examine our STOCK befo purchasing elsewhere.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

J. W. COWGILL,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,
PATENT
MEDICINES!
AND
TOILET ARTICLES
&c., &c., &c.

NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINES

Trusses
AND
Abdominal Suppo
PAINT
AND
OIL
&c., &c., &c.

☞Prescriptions filled at any hour, day Ring night bell after 10 o'cloc

RELIABLE.

The old, popular and always reliable Hardware house of

R. B. BREVARD,

Has a splendid stock of the very best makes of all kinds of Hardware which are offered at

ONE PRICE,

and that the very lowest the market justifies. All goods guaranteed t be exactly as represented.

ROOFING.

The best roof for the least money. Experienced workmen employed. The attention of builders especially desired as this house will give special inducements. Correspondence solicited.

R. B. BREVARD.

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

WHAT BENEFIT WILL IT BE?

Wherein will a new Constitution benefit the people of Kentucky, is a question frequently asked. We answer, it gives an opportunity to accomplish many reforms, economical and otherwise, which cannot be accomplished under the present State Constitution. Whether the Constitution would be thus improved is a risk the people take in voting for it. Some of the reforms that might be accomplished are:

1st. Restricting the meetings of the Legislature to once in four years, unless called in certain emergencies by the Governor.

2nd. Abolishing the office of County Tax Assessor, and having tax assessments made by the Magistrates of each civil precinct, and collected by the constables.

2nd. A clause prohibiting towns and counties from voting railroad and other taxes.

4th. Positively interdicting the Legislature from making private and local laws, and forcing all such business into the County and Circuit Courts. These are some of the points that a change would prove beneficial, which would be worth thousands and thousands of dollars to the people of Kentucky.

* * *

The Governor of Tennessee shows, in his message, that during the past two years the State expenses have been less than the revenues by over $600,000.—Louisville Commercial.

The COURIER is not in love with Gov. Bate's message in so far a he boasts of throwing the burden of his convict labor wagons and furniture on the people of friendly sister States; but, the economic feature of Tennessee keeping her expenses less than her revenue, certainly affords a lesson that Kentucky and other States might study with profit. Kentucky has been free of debt so long, and Kentuckians have borne themselves so proudly in comparison with the people of debt burdened States, that the mere semblance of an accumulating State debt wounds the pride almost as sensitively as the pocket books of our people. It is the old, old story of living beyond ones income. Tennessee learned the lesson of economy through the bitter burden of an enormous State debt. Will Kentucky learn it through example, or through actual oppression.

* * *

BALLARD county lets out the keeping of her paupers to the lowest bidder, and the Wickliffe Journal, the county paper, criticises the action of the county authorities with severity, and in so doing is supported by the Paducah News and the Paducah Standard, and the comments of these papers will be seconded by the better feelings of humanity everywhere. We believe in economy, close and rigid, but we have no patience with this simulation of christian philanthropy that starves and punishes the poor unforunates who are cast upon the charity of the county or State. The Journal describes the keeping of the Ballard county poor as "wretched and squalid." It is cheap in newspapers to work up sympathy for these unfortunates, and we know also that county authorities are often greatly imposed upon by charges for pauper, and persons put upon the county as paupers who ought not to be, and hence the utmost vigilance ought to be observed, but when worthy unfortunates are accepted as paupers, they ought to be treated as human beings, and properly cared for.

* * *

But it seems that it is the people who elect the Representatives that burden them with these bills, and, every man having an ax to grind, the poor Rep. is compelled to turn the crank or be relegated to the eternal bow-wows at the next election. We must have a change among the people, if we cannot elect men with enough backbone to tell them to go to the county courts with their little bills, before we may expect an improved Legislature.—[Covington Commonwealth.

Nine-tenths of these local bills are of no earthly benefit to any one except the individuals incorporated, and every right and privilege they need can be obtained through the county courts by paying the costs of the procedure therein. These local bills consume two-third of the time of every Legislature, not only taking precedence, but excluding the consideration of general legislation. The most that could be asked of a candidate would be to favor a rule limiting, or excluding such legislation; and failing in that to favor a rule compelling precedence in the consideration of general legislation; and failing in these efforts, himself, then to go to work and get all the local bills his people need passed.

* * *

SECURE your liberty poles now. The liberty season is approaching and the price of poles, as well as the poles themselves, will soon be going up. A tall pole, and eternal vigilance while putting it up, is the price of liberty this year.

$1,000,000 Behind.

The State of Illinois is not only out of debt, but has a clear surplus of $3,000,000. The State of Kentucky not many years ago was in the same condition; but where is that surplus now? It has climbed down steadily and commenced to go up on the other side. About the time the next Legislature meets a debt of nearly $1,000,000 will be discovered if some intelligent digging is resorted to. Nobody really knows anything about the condition of the State, because those responsible for it try to shrink the work as much as possible. One of those days when a political shake up occurs a big discrepency will be discovered that will rival in odor an ancient cat in a well. —Louisville Commercial.

It is true that not many years ago Kentucky was out of debt, and had a surplus in the treasury; and it is also true that the State is now in debt, and has not a dollar surplus in the treasury. The COURIER has assumed that this unfortunate financial condition was caused by lack of economy, but it seems to be in the air that there is something worse behind than mere lack of economy. We hear this talk of trusted officials shielding and hiding a true statement of the States financial condition, and bold intimations of "big discrepancies," defalcations, &c. Every honest citizen irrespective of party, should be in favor of probing to the bottom of these charges, and let the truth come out. If there's anything rotten, let it be found; and let the guilty be punished.

The Kentucky Railroad Commission

The Inter-State Commerce Bill was then taken up. Mr. Williams strongly opposed the railroad practice of charging more for short hauls than for longer ones. He favored the Commission Bill, but admitted since the first year's operation of the Kentucky State Commission it had done nothing, and was now not worth a cent.—[Courier-Journal.

The Kentucky Commission is composed of capable, clever gentlemen, and we have confidence would answer any grievance of the people within the scope of their authority. The Kentucky Commission is what is called advisory, and not mandatory; and perhaps if it ever does much good it should have somewhat more of the mandatory.

* * *

Why does the editor of the Hickman COURIER persist in calling this paper the "Paducah Sentinel." Certainly there is no harm done, but we would just like to know "the whyness of the wherefore."—Paducah Standard.

An inadvertence, neighbor, for *certainly there is no exchange* received at this office that is more heartily welcomed than the excellent, newsy, and well edited Paducah Standard.

* * *

IT was a magnanimous and patriotic act to see the ex-rebel Senators and Congressmen voting for the relief of the great Union General, Grant, in his present misfortunes; and while such legislation is a wrong precedent, the Southern people in this instance, will justify the vote.

* * *

OLD man Mike Dolan, in jail at Nashville, under sentence of death for the murder of his wife, has been relieved of the charge by the deathbed confession of the real murderer. He was convicted on circumstantial evidence altogether.

* * *

KENTUCKY wants and needs a new capitol building, but won't get it for some years yet. The people are not in a mood to justify any such large expenditure at this time.

* * *

BARNUM proposes to make a show of Gen. Grant's war trophies and presents, and will pay the General $100,000 for their use for this purpose and a per centage of the receipts. This a good trade.

Gen. McClelland will be grand marshal of the Cleveland inauguration procession, Gen. Hancock having declined on account of the death of his son. Rooms on the first floor along the line of march on inauguration day command $200 to $300, and those higher up are held at $10 to $20, while $1 per head is charged for windows from which to watch the procession.

* * *

Ex-Gov. St. John says: "The whole story to the effect that I have received a single penny, pledge or promise from the Democratic or any other party, in connection with the campaign, is infamously and maliciously false."

Decreased Cost of Living.

Tables prepared by the American Grocer, New York, show a much greater decrease within a few years in the cost of many of the necessaries of life than is generally supposed. A few articles are selected for example. The comparison is on wholesale prices:

	1870	1884
Sugar, fair to good	9.74	5.3 16
" crushed	14¾	6½
Coffee, fair Rio	12½	9½
Tea, good mixed Japan	57	20
Mess Pork	$ 26.88	$12 75
Lard	15.7 12	6 80
Wheat	1 20½	82
Flour, extra State	5.50	3.00

AGE is not at all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husk.

A SENSATION.

Astounding Developments Intimated.

HAS KENTUCKY BEEN ROBBED!

"One important matter in electing members of the next Legislature should be a close scrutiny into the expenses of our State government. We have no demagogical plea that officers are paid too high salaries, though in some instances they may be, but we expect that there is a leakage elsewhere. One thing is certain, that our State taxes are increasing, our State debt is increasing, and we have an idea that if everything had been managed with proper economy there would have been no necessity for this condition of affairs. What say the Democratic press of the State?"—Hickman Courier.

We agree with the Courier to a dot. It has long been a mystery to us why Kentucky with no bonded debt should be continually in a financial strait. There must be mismanagement somewhere. Only a few weeks ago a gentleman on the inside intimated to us that we need not be surprised to hear of startling developments in the management of the State's affairs at any time. He said he could tell a tale one sentence in length, and that sentence containing not more than three words, which would astound every citizen in the Commonwealth. The gentleman referred to is a Democrat. He has been one all his life. He is no alarmist. His word is as good as his oath. Now what did he mean? Have the vaults of the State been robbed? Have important records been despoiled? Has any one defaulted? Have our State officials been extravagant in the use of the public funds? Have our Legislatures misappropriated the people's money? Or what is the matter? There is evidently a screw loose somewhere. Portentous be the words of our Democratic friend, though we hope when all is told things will not be as bad as his alarming expression would seem to indicate.—Owensboro Messenger.

The COURIER's editorial attracting attention to the financial condition of the State has been copied approvingly, not only by the papers of this District, but by the Frankfort papers, and the papers generally throughout the State; but, the COURIER only suspected unnecessary leakages, or lack of proper economies, as the cause of the shortage in our State finances, and we cannot yet admit any other cause, except "spending more than we make." But, the Owensboro man, whom the Messenger endores as a good Democrat—no alarmist, whose word is as good as his bond, &c., claims knowledge of astounding facts as to our State's financial embarrassments. But for the Messenger's high endorsement of this Owensboro Democrat, we should be inclined to dismiss his imputations as sensational and himself as an alarmist; but with the Messenger's endorsement, we would know more. There are Democrats about Owensboro who have been close up to the public crib—inside, so to speak, and may know more than we wot of. If so, being an honest man, it is a crime to conceal such important facts. The Messenger should subject this Owensboro man to a plain and direct interview, and if he persists in holdhis great secret, publish his name to the world, and let him shoulder the responsibility of such concealment and complicity. We can conceive of no justification for withholding such revealments except complicity in the crime.

But, we repeat, we cannot accept the suspicion that the State has been robbed, or that important State officials are defaulters, for aside from proper confidence in the integrity and honor of our State officials, the people know to a cent the amount of revenue collected, and the amount expended; but, with all this confidence no party prejudice shall blind us to facts if they can be produced. States have been robbed, officials enjoying the highest confidence of the people have defaulted, and such things come now and then like thunderbolts from a clear sky, and this it is that gives concern as to the imputations made by this Owensboro Democrat.

Without a Newspaper.

Waverly News.]

Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present condition of society than the large number of families, both in town and in the country, but more especially in the latter, that subscribe to no paper. Hundreds and thousands of families are thus growing up utterly ignorant of what is transpiring in the world around them—ignorant of the mighty events of the day. But who can tell the vast amount of injury that is being inflicted upon the rising generation, those who are to fill our places in a busy world at no distant day, growing up without knowledge of the present or any study of the past; this ignorance too, being imbued into them by sanction of who should and doubtless do know better, did they only think of the injurious effect of their insane course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those who we are responsible for, the means of acquiring some knowledge of the moving panorama in which we act our different parts.

5c CIGARS—three for a dime, at
MOORE & LANDRUM'S.

Compulsory Education.

From the official "organ" of the Teachers' State Association we quote the following report of its committee on compulsory education. The "report was enthusiastically adopted without discussion." At least the "organ" says so. The report is fearfully and wonderfully constructed. Here it is:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

We, your committee, to whom was referred the subject of "Compulsory Education," beg leave to submit the following:

That we believe that the time has come in the history of our State that there should be statutory enactment by our Legislature, having for its object the education of every boy and girl of our Commonwealth.

We, as Kentuckians, are proud of our great State, one which is great in many things which go to make a great and prosperous people. We have a territory so great in extent, that seven of her sisters are required to hold her in her position among the constellation of States, a State rich in developed and undeveloped resources, with great cities, fine towns and villages, productive farms [illegible] mines. Our horses [illegible] est of the world, our [illegible] most chivalrous of earth, and our women are the most beautiful and lovely that an infinite being ever saw proper to create.

Yet, with all this greatness, we find our State in the background of the educational world. Kentucky was admitted into the Union in the year 1792, nearly a century ago, the second State admitted after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Notwithstanding all our greatness as a part of the Federal Union, our more than 1,500,000 citizens, and more than half a million boys and girls that in a few years are to be men and women of our Commonwealth, we occupy a very unenviable position as far as our education is concerned. Twenty per cent. of the adult population of our State are uneducated, that is, every fifth man or woman that we meet upon the streets and highways are unable to write their names or to read the same when written. There are but four of our sister States that show a greater per cent. of illiteracy than do we. The average illiteracy of the whole Union is 94 per cent., showing that we are so far behind in the race for preferment, as to cause us even to blush for shame. We feel that it is important that we no longer be in the rear, but advance to the front, and believing that education, generally diffused, will do more to make us a great people, both financially and mentally, therefore we are in favor of the passage of such laws as will compell those having children under their care to assist in making them useful citizens and ornaments to society. We believe education to be the strongest police force that can be employed by any people, and indorse that eminent philanthropist, George Peabody, who said that education is a debt which the present generation owes to the one that is coming on. We wish to mould public sentiment, and cause it to run in such channels as will sweep from our fair land the last vestige of ignorance, and make Kentucky the brightest star in the constellation of States.

W. W. RICHESON,
R. R. HUTCHESON,
J. I. GLENN,
T. HUNTER,
J. C. MAGILL,
Committee.

A Singular Case.

CAIRO, ILL., Jan. 17.—A Singular case is reported from the town of Hampton, Ky., in Livingston, county. George Moxley, a prominent and wealthy citizen of the county, while quietly resting in his parlor Wednesday afternoon suddenly became wild, and with frightful shrieks threw himself upon the floor, rolling over and over, then bounding to his feet and with an iron poker began to demolish the furniture, stoves, windows, everything which came in his way. Then while emitting most blood curdling howls and cries his wife, in a paroxysm of fright, called in a neighbor, William Fleming and son, who found the maniac entirely nude, having torn his clothing to tatters, casting it into the fire, and as they approached he threw himself upon all fours and rushed at them with threats and howls. He was captured finally, but broke the ropes as though they were pieces of cotton cord. Seven stout men finally secured the poor victim, who lingered until last night, when death relieved him. The deceased was quiet and unobtrusive, and not given to drink, and the malady did not par[illegible] of the nature of rabies.

A Destructive Fire.

PARIS, Tenn., Jan. 17.—A fire broke out here last night in the second story of the Howard block, on the west side of the square, in which Mr. C. Frazier was doing business, and, excepting his stock, everything was lost. Mr. Ace Howard's loss was something over $10,000; insurance, $5,000. W. F. Dawson's grocery was next consumed, and in it three or more bodies were lost. Young Boofman and a negro were killed while trying to save Dawson's stock. Fil Myers, a negro Porter for Cal. Humphreys, was buried in the cellar thirty minutes with a dislocated shoulder, crying for help, and finally was saved, giving a heartrending history of his underground prison death.

* * *

The Paducah News records the purchase, by an agent of W. F. and G. W. Norton, of Louisville, of over 6,000 acres of land in Livingston county four-fifths of the tract being a nearly solid bed of iron ore. The agent of the Messrs. Norton says: "Perhaps there is not another as valuable a piece of iron ore land of equal size in the world.

The Blair Educational Bill.

Petersburg, Va., Index-Appeal.]

The kind of centralization we fear is that which takes away essential rights or powers of the States, or confers upon the Federal Government powers not given it in the Constitution.

The kind we do not fear is that which bestows benefits upon the States or the people without either taking away rights or imposing obligations.

The bill of Messrs. Reagan and O'Hara, is of a centralizing tendency in the worst sense. It assumes the existence in the Federal Government of powers nowhere granted in the organic law. It gives to amendments to that law a broader construction than their authors intended or the courts have sanctioned. By implication it forbids the exercise by States of authority never questioned.

The educational bill of Mr. Blair is of an entirely different character. It assumes no authority whatever over any community or State, but simply over a surplus in the Federal Treasury. It takes nothing, directly, or indirectly, from the universally admitted powers of the States, but, on the contrary, aids the States in the exercise of those powers.

Catching Quails in the Ohio River.

Cairo (Ill.) Special.]

A novel sight was witnessed a few miles below Smithland, Ky., on the Ohio river, yesterday, by a party of gentlemen crossing the river in a skiff. A large flock of quails had made the attempt to fly across the river which is very wide at that point, and becoming exhausted with the unusual distance all fell gradually fluttering into the stream in mid-river, and when the skiff was driven into the flock they were unable to lift their water soaked little bodies from the water, though making frantic efforts to do so, the while uttering frightened and plaintive chirps. Many were picked up so thoroughly exhausted that they remained perfectly quiet when thrown in the bottom of the skiff. When last seen many were quietly awaiting their fate, while others were working their way slowly towards the Illinois shore.

Newspaper Enterprise.

The New York Times expended six thousand four hundred and sixteen dollars on a single dispatch from Madrid in order to get ahead of its contemporaries one day in the publication of the text of the Spanish treaty. Here it was a State secret. Congress had adjourned from Thursday to Monday. It would not be given to the press before Tuesday. There was a man in Madrid who could furnish it, and who engaged to do it for $2,000, besides which it would cost 66c a word. Unhesitatingly his demand was acceded to, correspondents in Madrid were directed to pay the costs, and the message began to arrive Sunday afternoon in Spanish. In Monday morning's edition it appeared nearly complete in English.

Mistaken Identity

Last Sunday morning Marshal Fowler spotted three men walking up the street to the Odonley house as the Morganfield murderers, for whom there is a reward offered. The men answered the description almost to a certainty. After getting the assistance of Jailor Billington, they together repaired to the hotel and there in a crowd of twelve or fifteen persons stood their men. By a few winks and nods, and a little whispering, they had sufficient assistants to guard every door to the room. After all preliminaries were over they began to interview the trio, who were citizens of our county and were returning from Missouri where they had been shelling corn. Their explanation was thoroughly satisfactory to Marshal Fowler who recognized the men after they had told their names and place of residence. The men were shown the description, which they admitted suited them admirably except the taller of the three was two inches shorter than the man described.—Wickliffe Journal.

Kentucky at the Exposition.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat, in an article referring to the department of "Woman's Work," says:

"Kentucky is busily occupied arranging her display. The two great cases of stuffed birds, by Mrs. G. W. Duncan, form the principal feature. There is a handkerchief framed which is one of a number brought from England through the blockade during the civil war, and was sold in Louisville for $25. It is pale purple, and has pictures of President Davis and his four most celebrated generals.

"There are several pieces by Miss Freeman, the young lady in charge of the exhibit, which have taken medals at the Louisville Exposition, and are handsome specimens of arrasene embroidery.

"The Woman's School of Pharmacy, of Louisville, the only one in the country, is represented by a large collection of drugs compounded there."

He had Stopped.

From the Elizabethtown News.]

A friend of ours in Washington tells the following story on our Congressman, Tom Robertson: When he first appeared at Washington, in conversation with a brother Congressman one day, he said: "A particular friend of mine at home one day told me before leaving, that after arriving here there would be two important things for me to attend to. One was to stop swearing and the other to appear in a swallow-tail coat. Well, I have stopped swearing," remarked Robertson, "but I'll be d——d if I will wear a swallow-tail coat."

THE Watchmaker, Burlingame, is at Plaut Bros. & Co's. He is a skilled workman.

DIRECTORY.

U. S. GOVERNMENT.

President—Chester A. Arthur.
Vice President—Senator Edmunds.
Sec'y of State—Theo. Frelinghuysen.
Secretary Treasury——McCulloch.
Secretary of War—Robt. Lincoln.
Secretary Navy—Wm. Chandler.
Secretary Interior——Teller.
Postmaster General——Hatton.
Attorney General—— Brewster.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—J. Proctor Knott.
Lt. Governor—J. S. Hindman.
Secretary of State—Jas. A. McKenzie.
Assist. Sec. of State—H. M. McCarty.
State Auditor—Fayette Hewitt.
Treasurer—James W. Tate.
Attorney General—P. W. Hardin.
Register Land Office—Geo. M. Adams.
Sup. Pub. Instruction—J. D. Pickett.
State Printer—J. D. Woods.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Joseph Lewis, Chief Justice; Thos. F. Hargis, Thomas Hines, and W. S. Pryor Judges.

CITY OFFICIALS.

Mayor—John W. Cowgill.
City Judge—George Warren.
City Marshal—G. M. Wilburn.
City Clerk—R. E. Millet.
City Treasurer—W. L. McCutchen.
Marketmaster—
City Tax Collector—G. M. Wilburn.
Wharfmaster—.
Sexton—W. J. Webb.
Councilmen—T. M. French, Jno. Witting, H. C. Beckman, E. Case, B. C. Ramage, B. Moore.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

County Judge—R. S. Murrell.
County Clerk.—W. P. Taylor.
Sheriff—W. A. Shuck.
Circuit Court Clerk—T. M. French.
Assessor—Jas. Cooper.
County Attorney—A. D. Kingman.
Jailer—T. V. Wallace.
Master Commissioner—Geo. Warren.
County Surveyor—Robert McConnel.
Coroner—
Circuit Judge—James Campbell.
Commonwealth's Attorney—C. Thomas.

COUNTY COURTS.

Fulton County Court—R. S. Murrell, judge, held every 2d Monday in each month.

Fulton County Quarterly Court—R. S. Murrell, judge, held 4th Monday in January, April, July and October.

MAGISTRATES COURTS

1st District—Esq. Donaho, 2d Saturday in March, June, September and December. D. L. Nugent, 1st Saturday in same months.

2d District—Esq. Nailor, 3rd Saturday March, June, September and December, Esq. Attebery 4th Monday in same months

3d District—Esq. Dickerson 3d Mondays in March, June, September and December, Esq. Jones, 4th Saturday in same months.

4th District—Esq. ———, 1st Monday in March, June, September and December. Esq. Baynes, 4th Tuesday in same months.

5th District—Esq. Boaz, 1st Wednesday in March, June, September and December, Esq. Ferrell, 3rd Wednesday in same months.

6th District—Esq. Jones, 4th Wednesday in March, June, September and December. Esq. ———, 2d Wednesday in same months.

The Railway.

When Jim Fisk introduced the word "railway" to current American speech few lines in this country used the term. At present out of 1,147 names of companies in Poor's Manual, 185 are "railways" and 962 "railroads." The former term is largely used as a convenient synonym in reorganizing old roads. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad has, for instance, just become the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway. Aside from the convenience which it affords by changing a name in law and leaving it unaltered in sound, the change in this case doubtless hinged on the fact that the stock and bonds of the road are largely held in England, where railway is the constant term. English railway terminology is constantly coming into use in this country, and not always advantageously. "Carriage" for "car" is beginning to appear in the reports of accidents, and is unfortunate, because "car" has but one general meaning, and "carriage" has two. "Metals," the English term for rails, would be an addition to railroad speech. It is graphic, and is not ambiguous as "rail" is especially in this country.

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Double and Single Barrel, ranging in price from $2.50 to $35. Double-barrel Breech loading Guns, for $13.50. Champion Side-snap Single barrel Guns, for $10. Powder, Shot, Shells, and Gun Implements, cheaper than ever.

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Attorneys at Law,
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All kinds of
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Will not be undersold.
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FRESH BEER constantly on tap. Cigars and Tobacco, of the best brands.
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Groceries.
25cts Lower than the Lowest
I have no clerk expenses—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest.
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The best make of the celebrate Columbus
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